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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Until Tuesday morning the only news from Peking which was not tainted at its source and raised more disbelief than credence was still the message from Sir Robert Hart of the 24th June, stating that the situation of the Legations was desperate. On Tuesday however the Foreign Office received a telegram from the British Consul at Tien-tsin stating that he had on 21 July received a letter from Sir C. Macdonald dated 4 July appealing for relief. At that time there were enough provisions to last a fortnight, but the garrison would not be able to hold out against determined attack for many days. There had been forty-five deaths and about double that number wounded but he mentions none by name; though the last communication from him nearly a month ago mentioned the murder of the German Minister Baron von Ketteler. It was to the succeeding three or four days that the telegrams related which were circulated by Shêng from Shanghai on the 13th July, announcing the assault on the Legations and the massacre of all foreigners; and the telegrams that he began to issue on the 17th, denying what he had previously asserted, related to the same period.

Nothing that has happened during the week has provided any means of knowing positively in which sheaf of telegrams the lie is enclosed. We pointed out last week that affairs at Tien-tsin, in the first place favourable to the Chinese and in the next unfavourable, would account for the different news on the different dates. When it was found the best policy to encourage if possible the Allies to believe in the safety of the Legations, then the Governor of Shantung, from whom Shêng said he had received the news of the massacre, denied that he had given any such information. There is only one real test but this is evaded; and every substitute that ingenuity can devise is proposed. All the Governments concerned demanded as a preliminary to any discussion with the Chinese Government that they should be placed in communication with their

representatives in Peking. The challenge of America was professedly accepted and an alleged message of Mr. Conger, the American Minister at Peking, was communicated on the 21st to the American State Department. It stated that he was in the British Legation which was under continued shot and shell and that only quick relief can prevent a general massacre. This message naturally produced a profound sensation when it was known to be accepted as genuine by the officials of the State Department. Though the message bore no date, the fact of its being in cipher was regarded in America as conclusive. The message from Mr. Conger subsequently received, also dated 4 July, relates to the earlier period and is of no assistance in settling the mystery.

If the Conger telegram threw any light on the question at all it should relate to some date between the 11th and 18th. But it happens that amongst the “proofs” that have been sent to all the European Governments is an edict of the Emperor dated the 18th, professedly in reply to the petition of the Southern Viceroy for the protection of foreigners. In this document it is said that all the foreign Ministers with the exception of the German “are under the care and protection of the Court and are happily safe and sound.” In the House of Commons Mr. Brodrick pointed out the discrepancy between the Conger telegram and the Edict. His statement that no credence can be attached to any statements or decrees attributed to the Emperor or the Chinese Government unless fortified by letters signed and dated by Sir Claude Macdonald or other British official or by telegrams in our cipher only expresses the opinions which other nations have plainly declared to the Chinese representatives at their Courts. Of the value of soi-disant Imperial edicts in the present state of affairs we have a good instance in the apologies of the Chinese Minister at St. Petersburg for the hostilities on the Siberian frontier, which he says were begun in consequence of forged edicts falsely attributed to the Chinese Government.

We are not carried a step further by all the assurances of Li-Hung-Chang and other Chinese officials to Europeans in China and European Governments to which they are accredited which profess to bring down the news of safety beyond the 7th or 8th July to the date of the Emperor's edict. The most audacious of such

statements is that of Li-Hung-Chang to the "Times" correspondent at Shanghai, proposing that a telegram from the Governor of Shangtung should be sent to the allied commanders at Tien-tsin with an intimation that an advance on Peking was now unnecessary since the Ministers would shortly be leaving. The creation of doubt and uncertainty amongst the allies seems to be the very intelligible motive of all the bewildering communications and protestations of Chinese officials. They belong to the same category as the appeals from the Emperor to Germany, Russia, Japan, and America to assume the office of friendly intervener between China and the Powers. The motive is too obvious for comment. Amidst much that is uncertain about the disinterestedness of the allies there is at least so much of unanimity in the answers of Germany, Japan, and America to the hypocritical and fawning attempt to make each of them suspect that they all alike refuse to enter into any discussion of terms of settlement with the Chinese Government, until it has proved its assertions as to the safety of the Ministers. But it would have been better if the United States and Japan had simply done what Count von Bülow did and merely curtly acknowledged the receipt of the appeal, instead of writing despatches more in sorrow than in anger.

Everyone is growing heartily tired of the war, and the thought that an enormous army has remained so long at a deadlock in front of a much weaker foe is humiliating. However, a general advance has at last begun from the position Lord Roberts has been holding east of Pretoria since 12 June. At present the main point of interest is General Ian Hamilton's operation. Rustfontein—seven miles north of Bronker's Spruit station—was reached on the 22nd; and there General Ian Hamilton so effectually menaced the Boer line of retreat that the position which had been held in front of General Pole-Carew was abandoned. Lord Roberts was at Balmoral on the 25th and Generals French and Hutton were in pursuit of the enemy and about to cross Oliphant's River at Naauwpoort. In the meantime a body of the enemy has recently appeared between Krugersdorp and Potchefstroom, and there on the 19th a train, carrying sick to Krugersdorp, was wrecked.

The irrepressible De Wet still continues to be a thorn in our side. On the 19th General Little, with the 3rd Brigade, came in contact with him near Lindley. Fighting lasted until dark, and then we were told that the Boer force divided itself into two parts, after being repulsed. It would perhaps have been more accurate to say that it scattered into twos and threes, to reform again when the opportunity occurred. General Broadwood's cavalry brigade has been following a commando—presumably the one which broke through General Rundle's cordon—since the 16th. Three days later a sharp engagement was fought; and Vaalkrants—ten miles west of Paardekraal and between Heilbron and Kroonstad—was reached on the 22nd. But it was then found that the Boers had doubled back to Paardekraal during the night. General Broadwood in a message to General Knox at Kroonstad asks for more men and horses. General Little and he have now joined hands, and both are following De Wet who is moving in a north-easterly direction. There has been severe fighting near Bethlehem in which General Hunter's force was engaged.

Railway and telegraphic communication between Kroonstad and Pretoria has, during the past week, once more been interrupted. On the night of the 21st the line was cut some few miles north of Honing Spruit, and a supply train with 100 Highlanders was captured. A later telegram speaks of the capture of 200 Welsh Fusiliers. But it is not yet clear whether both statements refer to the same episode or not. The line was only slightly damaged, and communication has now been restored. From further north comes the news that Lord Methuen was engaged with the Boer rearguard at Zandsfontein on the 20th. Early on the following day he attacked them again at Oliphant's Nek, and, as always happens after one of Lord Methuen's so-called victories, we were told that the Boers had

been completely dispersed. Lord Methuen and General Baden-Powell have now joined hands at Rustenburg, and the latter reports a successful action near Majato Pass.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Mr. Labouchere and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would be worthy coadjutors of Mr. Merriman. This gentleman has proposed in the Cape Parliament that martial law should be abolished in the Colony, and it is quite intelligible that he should the more enthusiastically maintain his proposition the greater the danger would be. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman splits the difference as usual and in his hands the proposition becomes hypothetical. He will make no assertion, but "if" the procedure in South Africa under martial law is being abused then—why of course all sorts of dreadful consequences are suggested. Unfortunately he has to confess there is no available evidence. What a parody of constitutionalism to apply to the circumstances in South Africa, as Mr. Merriman does, the rule that military rule must cease with active resistance! No wonder such nonsense fell flat. Mr. Rose Innes gave the conclusive answer that the Executive must decide on practical grounds when, where, and how martial law shall be abolished, and that acting in this, the only sensible way possible, it had already since June suspended martial law in three out of five districts.

Wednesday's debate on the Colonial Office vote revolved round three points, the punishment of the rebels in Cape Colony, the annexation of the conquered Republics, and the future settlement of South Africa. It is settled that the rebels are to be tried by a special commission of judges, and that on conviction they are to be punished by five years' disfranchisement. To the mode of trial no objection is offered, as it is recognised that trial by jury is in the circumstance impracticable. But Mr. Chamberlain effectively reminded those who, like Mr. S. Buxton, object to five years' disfranchisement that by the Cape law persons convicted of treason may be put to death, or imprisoned for life, or fined to the full amount of their possessions, but they must be disfranchised for life. The penalty is therefore a relaxation of the law of Cape Colony, and most people will agree with Mr. Balfour that, unless rebels who had no grievance of any kind are to go unpunished, the penalty errs "on the side of leniency not of harshness."

Sir Robert Reid and Mr. Courtney are apparently the only "intellectuals" who oppose the annexation of the Republics. But here again the Colonial Secretary conclusively answered his opponents. Sir Robert Reid as a lawyer ought to know that one weak argument destroys the effect of preceding good ones. The ex-Attorney-General quite spoiled a well-constructed speech by arguing that annexation would raise fears in our great self-governing colonies as to the security of their political rights. Mr. Chamberlain, who never misses an opportunity in debate, replied that the Governments of our colonies had spontaneously informed him that in their opinion no result but annexation could follow the war. With regard to the future settlement, Mr. Chamberlain's speech had a special value, as it was explicitly a manifesto to the electorate. We gather that the military administration will be of the briefest duration that is compatible with security, a policy recommended in these columns some weeks ago, and that some form of Crown-Colony government will intervene between the rule of the sword and the establishment of responsible self-government. The interregnum of absolutism will naturally be kept within reasonable length, for, as Sir Edward Grey said in his statesmanlike speech, "in the long run it is impossible for any large number of white men to be kept within the British Empire without representative government."

Sir Edward Grey by his straightforward vote on Wednesday has gone far to redeem his political position and the influence it ought to carry from the suspicion of hesitation and timidity which his vote on the amendment to the Address in January, as also more than one subsequent speech, had inevitably created. It must be

admitted that it is not very easy—in truth it is impossible—to reconcile his attitude of Wednesday and the arguments wherewith he supported it with his vote on the amendment to the Address, but it is the more to his credit that having got himself into a false position by one vote he should have had the sense and the strength to get out of it by another instead of sinking into yet further difficulties, as perhaps most men in the circumstances would have done.

It would have been very easy for him to follow the unheroic example of his leader, whom Sir Robert Reid and he were “both so anxious to follow.” That observation, entirely superfluous for the needs of the argument, must surely have been meant humorously. Any way the situation *was* very humorous. Here were two gentlemen, both of them protesting their anxiety to follow their one and only leader, who proved their devotion by taking a course not only opposed to him but exactly opposed the one to the other. In fact on this occasion these three distinguished members of the Opposition exhausted the possibilities of difference open to three members of Parliament; one voting with the Government, one against, and one, the leader, not voting at all. It would not be easy for a party leader to make a more pitiable figure than did Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on Wednesday. We are not surprised that there are rumours of his resignation.

Colonel Willcocks has sent a report to the Colonial Office from Bekwai dated 20 July giving an account of the relief of Kumasi on 15 July. This expedition has been a small affair but it has been very skilfully and gallantly carried out and a success on even a small scale in these days is welcome. A bayonet charge formed the principal feature in the fighting and Colonel Willcocks expresses pride in the soldierly qualities of the Yoruba native soldiers who formed the bulk of the charging force. Any misgivings, he says, as to their qualities which may hitherto have been felt by those who only believed in the Hausas have vanished. Kumasi was entered at six in the evening and Colonel Willcocks describes the scene around the fort as one of desolation and horror. Most of the native soldiers in the garrison were too weak to stand and the British officers thanked God for relief, since a few days more would have seen the fall of the defence. Two days after, Colonel Willcocks left Kumasi, bringing away the old garrison, most of the sick and wounded and large numbers of unarmed natives. The new garrison will before long be reinforced sufficiently to make it self-supporting with supplies from surrounding villages. A march of twenty-five miles in three days brought the party to Bekwai without molestation; the fighting of the 15th which caused terrible havoc amongst the Ashantis had apparently dispersed and frightened them. We may hope that with the construction of the contemplated railway between the coast and Kumasi we shall hear no more of Ashanti relief expeditions.

Three months ago the SATURDAY REVIEW, discussing the Cawnpur plague riots, criticised the wisdom of repressive rules opposed to all the habits feelings and prejudices of the people and indicated the impossibility of enforcing them without creating greater evils and dangers than those of the plague itself. A telegraphic summary of a resolution just published in India shows that the same view has now been formally adopted by the Government there. It is admitted that the plague measures have so far been a failure. Their danger is recognised in the withdrawal of all those which offend native susceptibilities—a fairly sweeping reform because so far as such measures could be effective they are offensive. The prohibition of compulsory examination of corpses, of the employment of spies and quarantine of travellers from all infected places does not exhaust the category of offence. Forcible segregation, evacuation of all infected premises and isolation of suspected persons will doubtless be abandoned with the other measures that excite popular hostility. Lord Curzon has shown himself a better statesman than his provincial governors by withdrawing before too late from a false position. It is an act not of weakness but of strength.

Our old friend, the Alaska Boundary, has made its reappearance not perhaps at a very convenient juncture either for ourselves or the American Government. A Commission was appointed at the time when the controversy was acute to arrive at a provisional arrangement as to the demarcation between Alaska and Canada. This body has now reported and assigns half the Porcupine Gold Mines to British territory. We are told that it was “the general opinion” that the whole of these mines would be adjudged in American soil, but then in controversies with the United States experience tells us that such always is the “general opinion” of the other side. No good American ever is satisfied unless he gets the whole of his claim however preposterous. The usual protest is already on its way to President McKinley who will have to walk warily or he will easily find himself charged with abandoning American interests for the sake of the English Alliance. It will be well for our Government to remember that this is not a matter on which Canadian public opinion will tolerate any sort of weakness on our side and there is some considerable resentment arising there already over the delay in connexion with the Pacific Cable tenders.

The consideration by the House of Commons on Tuesday of the Companies Bill as amended by the Standing Committee was valuable, not because of any fresh amendments, for they were all rejected at the instance of Mr. Ritchie, but because it elicited the opinion of some eminent business-men and lawyers upon the measure. Sir James Joicey is a large colliery-proprietor and a business-man in the best sense of the term. Sir James appealed to the Government to drop the Bill altogether, “as it would only cause endless litigation;” and speaking of one of the many clauses which submit directors to the chance of ruin for a clerical error in a return, he said, “he should be much surprised if any honest man, unless he was a fool, would submit to come under such conditions as these.” We quite agree with Sir James Joicey, and we have emphatically said so in discussing the Bill as a whole. Sir Robert Reid and Mr. Atherley Jones expressed the feelings of distrust with which a great many lawyers regard this attempt to make men honest by Act of Parliament. How, for instance, are the public protected by making it legal for a company to issue its shares at a discount? The promoter may still pay what underwriting commission he chooses. Again, what constitutes an offer of shares to the public? At what point does a private circular become a public prospectus? The persons who will chiefly benefit by this Bill are the company solicitor and the City “wrecker.”

The Duke of Devonshire somehow succeeds in making a number of very sensible remarks when he speaks on matters of education. He has none of the pedantry of the professed “educationist” while he knows the world and the men and women who are in it well. His apology in the course of his speech at Dunmow on Wednesday for the farmer and the squire, who have been described most truthfully by Sir John Gorst as not generally friendly to education, was very sensible. Both squire and farmer have observed that the most educated children in the village drift away to the towns, the boys especially giving up country for clerical work. This they can see is bad, but they cannot see that it is due not to education, but to defective education; so they condemn schooling altogether. It is perfectly natural that they should resent the results of education under the grant-earning system; but now that cramming is no longer stimulated by Government and proper freedom is allowed to the teacher, the squire and the farmer really ought to take more interest in the schools, if only to show their appreciation of the change—but that involves their understanding it.

It appears that the real cause of the threatened strike on the Great Eastern Railway, which may still be averted by Mr. Ritchie having arranged a conference between the company and its servants, was the dislike of the company to the Amalgamated Society of Railway

Servants as the organ of the men's grievances. The question of wages had not up to the point so far reached been the question at issue. The demand of the men may perhaps be unreasonable in view of the position of the railways, though the company has promised to several grades of the men certain advances on their present wages. If these advances are not all the men demand, and if they are not made to the grades which seem to have a better claim than those who have received the promise, that again is a matter in which the company may have as good a case as the men.

Moreover it is possible to feel very strongly that the men were altogether wrong in timing their strike purposely to take place on the next Bank Holiday; and they would have needed a much stronger case than they seem to have to secure the sympathy of the public with their action. But we cannot hold that the company would have had no responsibility for the strike, if it refused to meet delegates appointed by the men unless a body of workmen chosen by the company itself were joined with them. The Secretary of the Amalgamated Society denies that the society has had the management of the movement from the beginning; but at any rate if the men choose to make it its organ and representative, that is a position which they have a perfect right to take up. The delegates to discuss matters with the company are to be appointed by the men themselves in public meeting.

The "Lancet" Special Commission Report on the Metropolitan Water Supply we should imagine was intended to appear at a season of the year when we are expecting the usual annual breakdown of the water supply. During the sweltering weather of this week, which judging by personal feelings and without minute references to meteorological reports should be unprecedented, most people must have been rather surprised that "Water Famine in the East End" has not been a prominent feature in the newspaper headlines. But the dread of it is always present; and it is not only in towns that hot weather involves the miseries of scarcity of water and consequent disease. In many villages and country districts people are drinking what is practically sewage, and this within the area of "Water London." The "Lancet's" Report is a very valuable document but we regret that it looks rather to stricter control of the companies than to the proposal for a Water Board made by Lord Llandaff's Commission.

There has seldom been such a combination of adverse conditions on the Stock Exchange as during the past week. The courage of the most hardened "bull" has been oozing out of his finger-tips under the rays of a tropical sun, while the Peking mystery and the exasperating set-backs in South Africa have frightened away the more timid operators. The account which ended yesterday showed that in spite of the increase in the Bank rate on Thursday week money was plentiful for Stock Exchange purposes at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and carrying over rates were correspondingly stiffer. The fall in Home Rails, to which we alluded last week, did not touch bottom till Thursday, when the low prices tempted the small investor, with the result that on Friday morning there was a general recovery in this market. Only those who study the working of railways realise what dear coal is going to cost the companies during the coming year, and unless this expense is countervailed by a great increase of traffics the prospect of dividends is not rosy. The Foreign market on the whole has been steady, and Chinese securities have risen above the worst prices, the Fives being quoted at $84\frac{1}{2}$ and the Four-and-a-Halves at 70 $\frac{1}{2}$. In mines, both South African and Westralian, the same weary sagging up and down continues, there being practically no business in either market, although as regards Kaffirs there can be no doubt that the immediate future is to them, as the speculative account is small, and peace cannot be far off. The fluctuations in gilt-edged securities have not been important, the War Loan closing yesterday at $1\frac{1}{2}$ discount and Consols at $97\frac{1}{2}$.

THE CHINESE MYSTERY.

A FEW uncertain gleams have pierced the gloom that has for nearly six weeks enveloped Peking; but they leave the prevailing darkness as extraordinary and well nigh as impenetrable as before. Written messages from Mr. Conger and Sir Claude Macdonald inform us that they were holding out still on 4 July, when they had been besieged for two weeks and there was "grave danger of a general massacre by the Chinese soldiers who were shelling the Legation daily." The pregnant appeal in Mr. Conger's message for "relief soon if at all" leaves us poignantly anxious as to what may have happened since. If the city was without government then, "except by the Chinese army which was determined to massacre all foreigners in Peking," it seems inconceivable that the defence can have been sustained. True we have plenty of assurances from Chinese sources that the Ministers were alive and well a few days ago; and Li-Hung-Chang adds an affirmation that, "If the Manchu party had been guilty of the horrible treachery of their deaths he would absolutely refuse to attempt" the negotiations he had been ordered to undertake.

It is odd to contrast the old Viceroy's pretended estimate of the crime with the almost apologetic attitude taken up by Mr. Bernard Shaw in the letter which we print in another column. We do not suggest that Mr. Shaw actually approves of the proceedings of Prince Tuan and his followers, but his indignation at the punishment we advised is so great that he seems to contemplate the murder of foreign Ministers and their families with comparative equanimity. He is angry with us for suggesting decapitation, which he appears to think incompatible with civilisation. Mr. Shaw himself may prefer hanging, but on grounds of civilisation beheading has at least as much to recommend it. Are the French not civilised? Are they less humane than ourselves? What would any cultivated Frenchman say to Mr. Shaw's assumption that a nation that was capable of decapitating a murderer must naturally be capable of torturing him? Mr. Shaw's other charge against us is that in advising the destruction of Peking we were indulging merely in a savage revenge. So far as the hardship to the inhabitants goes, those more familiar with the methods of Chinese soldiers than Mr. Shaw appears to be will recognise that by the time the allied forces are in a position to destroy the town, there will not be much left to destroy. But that will not lessen the significance to the whole Chinese population of the formal blotting out of the city by the Powers. Peking is an idea to Chinamen even more than a fact; and the uprooting of that idea from their minds will make them realise the wickedness of Tuan and his followers' deed as nothing else could do. Treat it as a little thing, and the people will think it a little thing; treat it as a wickedness almost without parallel, and the people will catch something of its horror. "What foreigners need to realise," as an American missionary wrote last month to the "North China Herald," "is that there is a Chinese people which in time of peace has to suffer from the Mandarins, and in time of disturbance has to suffer from the worst elements of the community which have gathered head under the misgovernment of the same Mandarins. And any intervention by foreign nations, whether it leads to the dismemberment of China or not, is as much in the interest of these people as it is in the interests of foreigners. . . . Foreign intervention at this time will help the Chinese who are worth anything against their oppressors, and tend to bring to an end the monstrous system of cruelty and injustice tempered by rebellion that has been the state of this country so long." It is well to clear our minds when we are dealing with China, and to remember that maxims which may deserve respect as sublimated ideals are inapplicable to the ruffians who were "determined," three weeks ago, "to massacre all foreigners in Peking."

The picture which Mr. Conger draws of the situation is one of anarchy and conflict, in which the forces of disorder led by Tuan and Fung had gained the upper hand: it is a picture of a city in which civil authority has been submerged; and we have to surmise rather

than to infer that it is now beginning to recover foothold. The significant hint given to the Shanghai Correspondent of the "Times" that Li-Hung-Chang awaits further assurance that the Empress is convinced of the folly of her recent policy, may mean either that she is under constraint, or that she is oscillating still between the two parties to the internecine strife. The Boxer craze might subside and the military carnival be terminated without necessarily implying that the moderates had gained ascendancy in her councils. We do not even know the authorship of the remarkable appeals which have been addressed to the British Government and certain foreign Powers. That the fear of consequences which they betray is real, we can believe very easily indeed; and it is as consistent with the Chinese character to cringe and whine in times of adversity as it is to be insolent and overbearing in success. The voice and tone are very unlike those of the autocrat who offered Tls. 100,000 reward, lately, for the assassination of Kang Yü-wei, besides ordering the desecration of his ancestors' graves. Both decrees and appeals seem, however, to be accepted as genuine by Chinese officials able to judge; and the avowal to the United States that "China, driven by the irresistible course of events, has unfortunately incurred well nigh universal indignation" is as significant as that to the Kaiser that "the force of circumstances has placed it [the Government], to its great regret, in a position where it is not free to act as it would wish." Both statements imply full knowledge of what is going on, and of free intercourse therefore with the outside world. The riddle why that freedom is not extended to the Ministers, if they are still alive, is one to which no answer is forthcoming. It is possible that the attack has slackened but that the Ministers are still encircled, or that they are held as hostages in the hope of obtaining lenient terms. But far more probably the crime has been consummated, and the whole story of their safety fabricated in order to put off the evil day, or to obtain time to collect fresh troops for the defence of Peking. It is all conjecture, and will be, probably, till Peking is reached. The one thing clear is the urgent duty to strain every nerve to attain that end. Attempts of all kinds will be made to hinder us, as many will feel that their safety is concerned; but no compromise should be listened to, nor negotiations opened till the goal has been reached. The whole progressive party in China will desire, with us, that the present régime should be swept away; and it will not be till the allied flags float over Peking that even the data for a solution can be ascertained.

THE TRUE BASIS OF IMPERIALISM.

THE speech of the Duke of Devonshire at the annual meeting of the British Empire League on Monday hardly offered the convincing apology for the existence of that excellent society which some of its members may have desired. It may be objected by scoffers that the League is a missionary body without a programme, but as a matter of fact the sneer is a superficial one. It had a good deal more point when aimed at the Imperial Federation League. As at present constituted the Empire League holds itself out only as a focus and rallying-point for all Imperialists. Much must be forgiven to a statesman who had to spend some hours of the day under our present climatic conditions in a railway train, but we think the Duke was hardly fair to his countrymen in insinuating that "many of us" only discovered in 1897 that our colonies were "great self-governing communities enjoying political institutions similar to our own." If the League has been really instrumental in awakening its countrymen to such elementary facts it deserves all that can be said for it, but we venture to think its President would have spoken more to the point had he boldly attacked the whole question of Imperialism and examined his own position therein and that of his audience. But that would have required thought, and the railway journey had not been conducive to thought.

Magniloquent talk about "Empire" has been so much the fashion of late, while we have seen so much that is admirable in sentiment degenerate into vulgar

swagger and rodomontade, that it is desirable to ask whether after all the sentiment is worth cultivating at the sacrifice of a great deal that is seemly and dignified. Is "Imperialism" justifiable as a popular cry? To this, allowing for all the manifest drawbacks, we believe the answer must be "yes."

In coming to this conclusion we do not desire to be swayed by the considerations of commercial expansion and growth of trade which form a staple argument in "Imperialistic" apologetics. We are content to accept them as part of the case for the Empire, but the opponents of the larger patriotism are so anxious to treat them with contempt as mean, narrow, and pettifogging, that it is necessary to see whether faith in the Empire and its destiny can be justified on other and less material grounds, though we are far from acquiescing in the theory that the material welfare of our population is to be ignored when it clashes with the desires and aspirations of other races.

It is rather amusing to find the advocates of a Little England expatiating on the criminal materialism of their opponents. If there be anything in the charge as brought against the big Englander of to-day there is a great deal more in it when brought against the Manchester School of the past. Material prosperity was the be all and end all of their doctrines though often it was masked beneath a fair show of philanthropy, and it may fairly be questioned whether the cant of cosmopolitanism is less contemptible and repulsive than the cant of patriotism. As for the sane Imperialist, he holds his faith because he honestly believes it to be to the advantage of the individual that he should be the citizen of a great State rather than of a small one, of a community that is expanding its borders rather than contracting them, provided always the danger is avoided foreseen by Bacon that the "trunk of Nebuchadnezzar's tree of Monarchy be great enough to bear the Branches and the Boughes."

If the reproach of materialism is to be thrown at those who desire Empire, we may pertinently ask, where is life looked at from a point of view, more material than among small nations which have either ceased to be great or, from the conditions of their existence, never have any chance of attaining to greatness. No one who has any acquaintance with Holland, Belgium or Switzerland can deny that views of life are at least as materialistic there as they are in Russia, Great Britain or Germany. It is not a bad but a good thing for a man to know that he is a member of a State which is world wide, where occasionally some event occurs which brings the fact home to him in concrete form. It certainly gives him a very proper pride that helps his sense of responsibility more than a retrospective pride drawn from a bygone greatness, or that which springs from merely his own material possessions in the present. It has its ridiculous side no doubt, but it is better than apathy for the man in the street to be inquiring

"Quid Seres et regnata Cyro
Bactra parent Tanaisque discors,"

and argues a wider outlook than if "his shop were all his house." Beyond this there is the unquestionable sense of wider opportunity which is never otherwise than good for men. It is just as good for them as citizens as it is for them in their individual capacity. It leads to the awakening and development of faculties which would otherwise lie dormant having no field for their exercise. Can it be seriously contended that with India struck out of our records we should stand as high in the estimation of history as we do to-day? Yet the same arguments were applied against every advance in India, as were brought to bear against our enterprises in Egypt yesterday and are being brought against them in South Africa to-day. It is sheer nonsense to say that the individual Briton is not the better for knowing what his countrymen have done in war and administration, and for knowing that a similar career still lies open to him and his descendants.

As for the State itself mere magnitude may not be a test of greatness and therefore not a thing to be aimed at for itself. This is insisted on by the late Sir John Seeley, whose admirers may justly claim that he was the prophet of expansion and the saner imperialism.

gdeed, on this basis we might be forced to admit that an elephant is superior to a man. But after all the true test of greatness in a State is its power of continued existence in the face of rivals, in short its stability, and, in the present condition of the politics of the world, no State has any chance of real permanence which cannot satisfy the condition of magnitude. It is the consciousness of this law which is urging the more active nations of Europe to the race for empire. It is both false and unjust to pretend that any especial depravity in the modern Englishman urges him on to the conquest of the globe, though it is a common complaint of French as well as English critics that our political ideals have ceased to be cosmopolitan. As a matter of fact the same phenomenon exactly is to be seen making its appearance in French politics and literature. For many years a powerful school of writers and politicians existed in France whose whole energies were directed to pointing out the horror of war, and the crimes against civilisation involved in Imperialism. The novels of Erckmann-Chatrian which gave us "l'apothéose de la peur" as Sainte-Beuve bitterly put it, and Lanfrey's "Histoire de Napoléon" are examples in point. A very different school reigns now as it does here, but they are both products of the same international situation, they are both merely the expressions of the same deep-lying sentiment as to the inevitable destiny of States. Bulk in the future will undoubtedly make for security, and therefore must be sought for so long as it is consistent with the capacities of the race. That some nations may ignore their own limitations is no argument against the general soundness of this view.

While we hold then that imperialism is good both for the State and the individual where the capacity for Empire exists, we must not be taken to approve of all its recent expressions. We suppose that all demonstrations of force involve a certain amount of brutality, but the brutality has been unfortunately very strongly in evidence among us of late. It may be well to make it known that we intend to hold our own, but it is no incentive to the highest patriotism to hear a hall full of Englishmen yelling in chorus:

"Our realm it is the ocean wave,
Our Empire is the earth."

Apart from their ridiculous aspect, such manifestations are hurtful to the national dignity and the more so in that they are not confined to our native island. Our "Imperialism" when exported and displayed without tact or reticence is quite sufficient to explain much of the "spontaneous aversion" we excite in the foreigner. It may be forgiven in any man, indeed it is worthy of approval to desire the first place among nations for his own countrymen, but it would seem as if many of us were reluctant to leave even the second to those unfortunates who had not the felicity to be born beneath the Union Jack. Hatred, the result of such sentiments on our part, is easily explained without referring it to envy. Our music-hall Imperialists must become reconciled to the conviction that the whole earth is not destined to become Anglo-Saxon and that if it were reduced to such a situation it would be a very dull place.

INDIA IN PARLIAMENT.

THE shadow of famine which coloured the Indian Budget has grown deeper since it was framed. The financial position of the country as explained to the House of Commons this week does not possess the strength or promise which Lord Curzon was able to claim for it in his Council at Calcutta last March. Even then the famine was a dominating influence and its possible developments were not overlooked. The reality has proved worse than the anticipation. The intensity of the distress has exceeded the forecast while the character of monsoon rains which should have been well established a full month ago is still so unsatisfactory over a large area as to create a state of painful anxiety. The Viceroy has found it necessary himself to proceed at this unusual season to inspect the affected tracts. Even a partial failure must cause disaster which will tax the utmost

resources of the country. The expenditure has outrun the estimate for the months already passed. There is grave reason to fear that the drain may be prolonged beyond September, the extreme period anticipated when the estimates were framed. At a date when the relief works should have been closed, the numbers upon them have continued to increase. These unhappy conditions not only add to the direct and indirect outlay on famine but they must materially affect the income from Land Revenue and certain other sources. There will, it is true, be compensation in some directions. Railways, for instance, promise to yield increasing profits and irrigation may be trusted for a larger return. A substantial profit may be expected from the fresh coinage of silver. The removal of a large force to China and the further retention of troops now in Africa will materially reduce military charges. On the other hand the complications in China must seriously threaten the opium revenue. The spread of plague over Northern India which must be feared when the cold season sets in would involve fresh expense as well as fresh danger. These circumstances cannot but disturb the finances of the current year. It would be useless at this stage to discuss precise figures. Equilibrium in the budget was only obtained by providing a loan of 2½ millions. The Secretary of State is compelled to announce that as matters even now stand, instead of the small surplus which was provided for, the year will end with a deficit of over £800,000, and he will have to exercise the borrowing powers which he possesses to raise an immediate loan of three millions. The extra expenditure for relief alone is estimated at £1,200,000. These figures are some indication of the proportions the calamity has assumed. There is unhappily no certainty that they reveal all that it threatens.

Though the immediate outlook is gloomy and uncertain a review of the past year discloses reason for regarding the future with confidence in the financial strength and recuperative power of the country. The late currency reforms have stopped the progressive exhaustion due to meeting sterling obligations with a depreciating silver coinage. Thus relieved the natural resources of India have enabled her to meet extraordinary demands without fresh taxation. The direct and indirect drain on the finances of last year from the famine is placed at about 4½ millions. The great earning departments, railways telegraphs mints post offices and the opium industry, came to the rescue. Even the war which added a clumsy fourpence to the income-tax at home, relieved the Indian treasury by the withdrawal of European troops. The year closed with a balance of over 2½ millions, only £69,000 below the anticipated surplus.

The permanent interest of the year lies in the currency reforms which it saw inaugurated. Famine war and pestilence have indeed made a mark on the finances which it will take a long return of sustained prosperity to efface. These however are transitory evils and their effects will pass away. The financial landmark by which the period will be remembered is the establishment of a gold standard with a reasonable prospect of its permanency, the partial introduction of a gold currency and the formation of a strong gold reserve in both countries. The relief thus obtained from the mischief of an unsettled exchange is alone sufficient to make an epoch of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. The fixture of exchange has permitted a change in the form of accounts which will be welcome even to experts. The double notation in rupees and sterling will cease from troubling. A symbol has been adopted which expresses both and displaces the Rx. which had long become a bewildering anachronism. The familiar £ means a sovereign when applied to sterling and Rs.15 when applied to Indian currency. It is of course not an exact equivalent but with a rupee expected to hover with the "gold points" it is sufficiently close to permit the necessary adjustment without making exchange a perplexing factor at every point of the accounts. The sovereign which meandered between ten rupees and twenty has found a resting place at fifteen.

There were those who prophesied that the fixture of the rupee at what they called the high rate of sixteen-

pence would prove ruinous to Indian trade. They will find little comfort in the facts and figures now supplied. The famine naturally checked the export of food grains. But the other important staples filled the vacuum leaving only a fractional decrease in the totals. Even opium improved in amount and price notwithstanding the fall in Chinese exchange. The economists who confused a falling exchange with a low exchange have now an excellent opportunity for reconsidering their fallacy. A stable exchange has naturally added stability to trade though it has robbed certain branches of the speculative element which invested them with an unwholesome attraction.

The debate on this occasion centred round the question of a grant from the home Exchequer in aid of the Indian treasury or the Indian people. The little group of self-appointed friends of India who do so much to frighten away sympathy and interest in her affairs refrained, with one notorious exception, from their annual denunciation of the iniquities of all Indian governments and officials. They found themselves in unusually good company in urging on the Secretary of State a subsidy which he had already declared to be unnecessary and objectionable at the present stage. The attack was sufficiently serious to call up the leader of the House and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The blunt refusal of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach might have been tempered by more sympathy and a wider consideration of its effects outside the House. From his conclusion it is impossible to dissent though the whole of his reasons, or even of his facts, cannot command unqualified support. His view of the relations of the British Government to the Native States was wanting in breadth and generosity, his estimate of the services India is now rendering to the Empire lacked cordiality, while his demonstration of the relative wealth of India and of England was an arithmetical exercise which belied the obvious and recognised general truth concerning the two countries. Lord George Hamilton adopted an equally just and more conciliatory position. It will be quite time for England to come to the aid of India when she asks for it. The Government of the country has not yet made such an appeal. The only Indian native on the Viceroy's Council who touched the subject repudiated the suggestion of a public grant. If the time does come, the aid would appropriately be associated with a recognition of the just claims of India for permanent relief on a far larger scale than the beggarly £250,000 to which the Secretary of State has already whittled down the grudging suggestions of Lord Welby's Commission. Mr. Dawkins was a fortunate Finance Minister. In his single year of office he benefited largely by the moderation of his predecessor. He inherited a magnificent surplus and in spite of a death duty in the shape of a famine outlay which swallowed it all up and half a million besides he was able to bequeath his inheritance almost unimpaired to his successor. Sir Edward Law, less fortunate, has to face a position for the moment of debt and difficulty. It is not however without hope. The ease with which the finances of the country bore the previous famine and the extraordinary strain of the past year encourages the belief that the return of better seasons will lighten the burden which the lean years have imposed on the patient taxpayer. Two years ago, when the accounts showed an actual and anticipated surplus of eight crores, there was some natural grumbling that no part of it was diverted to reduce taxation. Events have justified the wisdom and foresight which led the Viceroy and Finance Minister of that day to reject the temptation of a popular budget.

THE WESTMINSTER IMPROVEMENT.

THE arrogance of the House of Lords is found intolerable by the Radicals of the London County Council. This is the crime which a Committee of that House has perpetrated. It has ventured to prefer the scheme for the Westminster Improvement originally submitted to the Council by its Improvements Committee to that subsequently embodied in the Bill placed before Parliament. Both schemes provide for the em-

bankment of the Thames from Victoria Tower Gardens to Lambeth Bridge, the widening of Millbank Street to seventy or eighty feet, and the acquisition of a good deal of property in the neighbourhood for recoupment purposes; but they differ as regards the line of the proposed new street. Under the scheme in the Bill more land would be available for recoupment, and by arrangement with the Government a strip of land which at present forms part of the Victoria Tower Gardens would be thrown into the public way. The effect of the scheme which finds favour with the Committee of the Lords was thus frankly stated by the Improvements Committee of the Council. It would be "to add to the garden an area of about $\frac{1}{3}$ ths of an acre the greater part of which would otherwise have been available for recoupment" while "the line of the street would have a bend near the southern end of the present garden with the result that in approaching from the south a finer view of the Houses of Parliament would be obtained and conversely anyone going south would obtain a better view of any buildings to be erected upon the southern portion of the new street. The Victoria Tower garden would be scarcely touched and a fine row of trees would be preserved." The latter scheme is admittedly the better, and the sole argument in favour of the former was that it would cost about £56,000 less. When this argument was urged before the Committee of the Lords the chairman pertinently asked, "But in a great national improvement what is that?" The answer proposed to be given by the leaders of the Progressive party when the matter came before the Council was conceived in the spirit of Little Peddlington and was to this effect; that the improvement being a national one ought to be paid for out of the national exchequer, that £56,000 was more than the Council could afford for "a garden for the House of Lords," and that it would be a bad precedent to allow the non-representative Chamber to tamper with the Council's schemes. Abandonment of the clauses of the Bill was accordingly urged. The notion that the municipal authority of the capital city of the Empire might execute a local improvement which could fairly be described as of national importance seemed beyond the perception of some councillors; while the facts were ignored that the garden would be a public open space, and that the Government were making what a Radical speaker called a generous contribution towards the scheme. Fortunately some Progressives rose to a higher level than their leaders and exhorted their friends with engaging frankness not to drag politics into a discussion about an Improvement Scheme, and not to abandon the scheme from a "mistaken sense of self-importance." In the result these counsels so far prevailed as to secure a majority in favour of swallowing the supposed affront of the Committee of the Lords and of proceeding with the improvement substantially in the form suggested by that Committee. The Conservative members of the Council, who have consistently advocated the execution of necessary improvements, voted in the majority.

Several points of interest were referred to in the course of the debate. The necessity for the Improvement was made clear by the statement which was not disputed that Lambeth Bridge must before long be rebuilt. It would be useless to make a new bridge unless the approaches, which are quite inadequate for the present traffic, were improved. The main object indeed of the scheme in question is to provide better means of communication between Westminster and districts south of the Thames. This is what makes the scheme a county improvement, though incidentally it is both national and local in character by reason of the proximity of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey to the scene of operations, and of the advantage which will accrue to the locality by the substitution of new and valuable buildings for old and dilapidated property. But these characteristics are recognised in the scheme which provides for the surrender of certain houses by the Government, and for a contribution of £100,000 by the new Borough of Westminster, when it comes into existence. The serious result of delay in carrying out an improvement, when it has once been made public, is remarkably illustrated in the present instance. The valuer of the Council advised that owing to

contemplated extensions of existing premises and to the erection of new buildings upon land which is now vacant, either of the Westminster schemes, if delayed for another year, would cost fully £100,000 more than is at present estimated. To practical men, thinking only of the interests of the ratepayers, this would be a conclusive argument in favour of proceeding immediately with an improvement which must sooner or later be carried out. But the argument fell upon deaf ears so far as those Progressives are concerned who have already placed unnecessary burdens upon the ratepayers by postponing schemes such as the street from Holborn to the Strand and thus adding to the cost. They dread that they may have to pay the penalty for past blunders at the elections in March next, and they accordingly sought to take the opportunity afforded by the Westminster Improvement of at once gratifying political spite against the House of Lords and obtaining a character for economy by abandoning the scheme. Fortunately they failed, and it may be hoped that in spite of the late period of the Parliamentary session, the Council's Bill with the necessary modifications may be safely passed into law.

A notable argument advanced on behalf of the prompt prosecution of the improvement was that it would provide a site for a county hall. Indeed from what was said it would appear that a site is actually under consideration, presumably by the Special Committee appointed in March last to consider the question of office accommodation. This is a piece of information which has not hitherto been made public. Indications have pointed to the Strand Improvement as likely to be chosen as a permanent abode for the Council, but the Westminster Improvement is apparently a rival in the field. The latter would undoubtedly afford a cheaper site but scarcely one equal in attractiveness to that offered by the island block to be formed in the Strand by the bifurcation of the new street. On the other hand, the adoption of the Westminster site would leave that in the Strand available for a National Opera House, worthy of the British Empire. For that purpose it is an ideal position.

A PARADOX OF THE CHINESE CHARACTER.

THE peculiarities of the Chinese character, so far as strangers can judge of them, have always excited the puzzled wonder of Europeans; and at the present moment this feeling has been naturally stimulated anew. It is indeed difficult to exaggerate the condition of grotesque perplexity produced in the mind of an Englishman, Frenchman, or American, by the thought of a nation who, on the one hand, are possessed of the most modern artillery, and are themselves capable of manufacturing ammunition for it, and who are yet, as a nation, in a state of such abject superstition as to think that the most appalling calamity that could possibly befall their country, would be to dig up the bodies of the ruling family's ancestors. But a yet more puzzling, or at all events a better-known peculiarity of the Chinese character is to be found in the singular fact that it is possible in China for a criminal condemned to death to buy a substitute who shall suffer the supreme penalty in his place. The devotion of the Chinese to their families, and their views as to a future state, may supply us with a logical explanation of conduct which seems so paradoxical. This aspect of the question it is not our purpose to discuss. But such conduct, whatever its logical explanation may be, shows at all events that the Chinese generally fear death much less than the Western nations. Nevertheless—and here is the point on which we desire especially to insist—the Chinese are said to be by no means exceptionally courageous. That such should be the case seems to many people inexplicable. If death seems to a man so little to be dreaded, that he will sell his life, in cool blood, in order that the price of it may go to his relations, we may reasonably ask why he should not be absolutely reckless in battle. We may ask how the idea of danger can have any possible meaning for him. And in asking this, we shall be justified by the conduct

of certain other nations. The Mohammedan idea that death in battle against the infidel is a sure passport to an eternal *Cremorne* or *Mabille*, where there is no satiety and nothing whatever to pay, does as a fact produce amongst the soldiery of the prophet the precise effect which in logical fitness it ought to do. It invests them with the courage that arises from a true indifference to death. Why then do not the Chinese, to whom death in itself is not more formidable, exhibit courage of the same spontaneous kind? To many minds this question appears unanswerable. We venture to think that it is not as mysterious as it seems or at any rate, the fact to which it refers, if mysterious at all, is not peculiar to the Chinese. It is merely an example—somewhat bizarre in its details—of a certain paradoxical trait common to human nature. It is an example of the fact that although, in the great majority of instances, action is governed by conscious or unconscious belief, just as one piece of machinery may be governed by another piece to which it is geared, yet there are many important kinds of conduct, action, or behaviour, with regard to which this gearing breaks down or becomes disconnected.

That such is the case with regard to ethical conduct is attested by authorities as different as Ovid and S. Paul; and they both take note of the fact in almost the same language. But the phenomenon is not confined to the sphere of what is commonly called ethics. It is equally observable in the sphere of self-interest and common-sense. Many preachers, dwelling solemnly on the four last things, tell us that it would be impossible for Christians to continue in habitual sin, if they only believed, with a living belief, in Hell. And whatever may be said to the contrary by certain superficial philosophers, there is no doubt that the fear of future punishment has had an immense effect on the conduct of the Christian world. It is however equally true that great as this effect has been, it ought on logical grounds to have been very much greater; and that though the efficacy of this fear, within certain limits, is indubitable, the extent to which it has failed to be efficient is of all facts connected with it the most remarkable. It deters some men from forbidden courses, but it does not deter others. It deters the same man from this forbidden course without deterring him from that. This irregularity of action no doubt in part depends on the different degrees of belief in different men, or in the same man at different times. This explanation, however, is only partial. It may easily be shown that in the efficacy of a belief in Hell the vividness of the belief is by no means the main determining factor. The belief is constantly disregarded by those who have no doubt of its truth, whilst it constantly influences others who by no means consider it as a certainty. Should any reader be inclined to receive this statement with incredulity, we may convince him of his error most easily by asking him to direct his attention to analogous examples of the influence of belief in action, taken from the sphere of ordinary thought and conduct. Let us begin with a man's expenditure on his establishment, or on his personal pleasures. If men, when they hired houses, engaged servants, and ordered furniture, food, wine, carriages, clothes and so forth, were not influenced to some extent by the knowledge that they would have to pay for them, or would, if they failed to pay for them, be what is called "ruined," every householder would try to live like a millionaire; everybody, tradesmen included, excepting millionaires, would be bankrupt; and society, under existing conditions, could no longer hold together. And yet, obvious as this fact is, it is equally notorious that individual men are constantly living in a way which must, in a few years, reduce them to complete beggary. They know that this result must ensue—they believe it to be absolutely inevitable, as vividly as any Christian in the mediæval age of faith believed that hell would be the portion of those who deliberately lived in sin. Yet their knowledge, founded as it is on intellect, on common sense, on their personal observations of the retribution that is daily overtaking others, has on their own conduct no restraining influence. There is another set of examples even more forcible than this—those offered by the conduct of many men in respect of their own diet. Nothing is commoner than to see intelligent persons,

who follow, in many respects, the dictates of reason ignore reason altogether in its bearing on what they eat and drink. On a hot day in summer they may know that a draught is pleasant to them; but they will forego the momentary pleasure if they know that it will be followed by rheumatism. They may feel a strong inclination to recommend themselves to some married lady; but a wholesome fear of the divorce court will do what religion cannot, and keep them true to the practice, if not to the principles, of virtue. But these same men may know with absolute certainty that this drinking of some wine, or the eating of some diet overnight, will ensure for the next day all the tortures of gout or dyspepsia; and yet they will eat and drink of the forbidden things, just as recklessly as if no such knowledge existed. We have spoken of gout and dyspepsia; but we need not end with these. Men will constantly eat and drink of what is forbidden to them both by their doctor and by their own conviction as certain not only to make them ill, but to kill them at no distant date. It is not that they doubt that death will be the result of their indulgence. Still less is it that they do not fear to die. The class of man who dares death for the sake of his port or his pudding is precisely the man to whom death, when it does occur, is most terrifying. If then the dictates of common prudence, based as they are on the certainties of the commonest knowledge and experience, fail so often to produce their logical result on action, we need not be surprised if the certitudes of religious faith, fail similarly with an equal or even with a greater frequency.

The foregoing observations have been made with reference to individuals; but the same sort of phenomenon which we witness in men and women individually, we witness in masses of individuals, of races, or of nations, collectively. The units, or at all events the vast majority of them, which make up these several aggregates, are distinguished in each case by common racial peculiarities, which in some respect or other interfere with the logical action of certain of their faiths or convictions on their behaviour in ordinary life. Is there anything more mysterious in the fact that a Chinaman, who will sell himself for execution in times of peace, should flinch from death on the battlefield, than there is in the fact that many an enlightened European, who surrounds himself with doctors in order to keep death at a distance, should deliberately brave it for the sake of an ortolan or a fresh truffe? The true explanation of this, as of all similar paradoxes, is to be sought in a trait of human nature which is in itself neither more nor less explicable than any other of the fundamental facts of life. We refer to the effect upon conduct of what we commonly call temperament, as distinguished from immediate inclination or appetite on the one hand, and belief and reason on the other. What temperament is is so large and complicated a question, that we can but indicate the answer to it in the briefest and the most general way; but even such an answer as this may not be without suggestiveness. We believe it will not be inaccurate to say that temperament consists of those elements in the human character which are due to idiosyncrasies of the nerves, the organs and the constituents of the body generally, as distinguished from the brain, which is the organ of thought and consciousness. Not only does knowledge, and all the matter on which thought exercises itself come to the brain through the nerves and the organs of sense, and not only do bodies, differently constituted, give to the brain considerably varying records of the relative values of the pleasure and pain of life, but the body as distinguished from the brain is full of appetites, impulses, and aversions, which lead to action, or at all events tend to lead to it, without the intervention of any logical process at all. Now though all men's brains, in a logical sense, think alike, and though they all remember alike, the bodies and nerves of all men are very far from feeling alike; and these appetites, inclinations, tendencies, impulses, and aversions, which constitute what we call temperament, are different in some individuals from what they are in others; and there are analogous, though more general, differences between the temperaments of various races.

Hence since the conduct of all men, and of all races, is only in part governed by reason and conscious purpose, the conduct of all races will, in certain respects, be inconsistent with their logic and their beliefs; nor is there anything in the contradictory attitudes of the Chinese with regard to death more mysterious than many similar anomalies which are daily observable amongst ourselves.

A RELATIVE.

THE folly of a fond mother had warped his life. No career was good enough for my relative, so he, like a good son, remained without one to the last day of his existence. Report had it that when young he was a personable man, though whether from modesty or from the difficulty of finding a painter skilled enough to depict him, no record came down to my time of his appearance in the heyday of his youth. When first I recollect him personal beauty was not what suggested itself to the impartial observer of his countenance. "A lang backit, sort o' bandy leggit, duck footed body, wi' a' his duds in rags, and wi' his waiscoat hangin' a' in threads, I thocht he had been ane o' they burglars frae up aboot England," was the way in which a servant girl described him to her mistress, upon whom my relative had called. She added "he was 'aye keekin at the window, and when I turned awa' he took me round the waist and ettled to kiss me, a dirty, snuffy loon; ca' ye yon man a gentleman, I just ca' him naething better than a tink."

Certainly few were the sacrifices he made to outward grace. A pair of hunting breeches, loose at the knees, grey worsted socks and high-lows, a tartan waistcoat (hangin' a' in threads), and round his neck, summer and winter, he wore a worsted comforter. An ancient Scottish chronicler relates that the spearsmen of Upper Annandale wore round their necks a similar adornment, and adds mysteriously that they thus wore it, "not so much for cold as cutting." This latter reason could have weighed but little with my relative, for history does not relate he ever engaged in any wars, or ran much risk of cutting, but from the finger nails of some west-country servant lass whose cap he had pulled off as she was carrying coals or water up a stair.

Summer and winter, year in year out, he wore a tall silk hat, brushed the wrong way, so that by accident or by design it looked like beaver. He kept it in its place by a piece of common twine, and seemed contented with the effect it produced on all and sundry who beheld and marvelled at it. Most commonly his shirt was scarlet flannel (which he called flannin'), and sometimes when the rare northern sun peeped out for a week or two in August or July he wore a smockfrock over all, and walked about, a cross between an old-time southern counties hedger and a scarecrow; but still a gentleman. Both in and out of season he took snuff, daubing it on his face and clothes, carrying a supply of it loose in his pocket, as well as in a well-filled silver box; dropping it into tea and coffee, or in the soup, mixing it with the yolk of eggs, and turning tender stomachs by its omnipresence whilst he was in the house. Man doth not live by snuff alone, but yet my relative would, I believe, have given up his food rather than stint himself in this ingredient to his happiness.

Sent by his loving parents to a university, he certainly learned Greek, which to the astonishment of those who did not know him well he quoted freely, especially when drunk. A horseman from his youth, although he looked more like a sack of coals upon his horse than like a man, he yet had hands of silk. Leaning well back upon the saddle his broken high-lows jammed into the stirrups as he had been in irons, he rode in the first flight, sticking at nothing; or on a four-year-old would ride him through the streets, laughing and talking to himself as the unmade colt stumbled and slithered on the stones.

If his exterior was strange and wonderful, his inward spiritual graces were no less whimsical. Most people at first sight would have set down my relative as mad. Often in Scotland where personal originality is pushed to the verge of lunacy; where people cherish and cultivate those tricks of manner, gesture and

deportment, which in most other countries men fight against, and though knowing they possess them deny them with an oath, it is not always safe to judge. Certain it is my relative, for the possessor of a shrewd brain and mordant wit, yet went as near to madness as was possible. A calculated madness though, and near allied to that of those malevolent fools of history who, when the world laughed at them, returned the compliment by mocking at humanity. It seemed as if humanity itself was what my relative had set up as his target; not that he was a misanthrope, still less a woman-hater, for he liked company and sitting drinking at the dinner table after the antique Scottish fashion, and as for women any created thing that wore a petticoat he turned the light of his snuffy countenance upon with Satyrlike content.

Few ever knew him guilty either of a kind or cruel action, but yet his humour was to offend, disgust, and above all revolt. So in his sister's house, where he would pay long visits, he used to come dressed as I have described, or for a change, in what we call in Scotland "a stan o' black," with frilled white shirt and collar, the ends of which stuck up like gills, the whole surmounted by a hideous soft hat of the species known as wideawake thirty or forty years ago, and made of tweed, sewn into many ridges, and lined with green or scarlet silk. In the poor maiden lady's drawing-room he sat, reading "Bell's Life," his feet stuck into slippers of a kind which in those days, I think, were made in Paisley, and in Paisley only and called "bauchles," all down at heel, and the cheap leather cracked. All round him was a rampart made of snuff, which befouled everything, and so he sat talking and singing to himself, retailing Rabelaisian anecdotes, or singing songs half jocular and half indecent, for his own edification, and to pass the time. No one seemed to him half so good an audience as he was himself; at times he had long conversations *sotto voce*, in which he held his best friends up to ridicule; or sometimes passed remarks on all and sundry before their faces, being half conscious, half unconscious what he said, and if remonstrated with, chuckling and laughing, and saying, "Eh, did I though, well, well, where's the snuff-box, have any of ye seen my box?" His *sotto voce* psalmody was not much varied, and consisted chiefly of "Joseph Muggin's Party" (all his friends he did invite), and an old Scottish lyric, "Jack and his Master," quite democratic in its sympathy, and setting forth at the end of every verse, that "Jack was as good as his master," which he gave in a crooning minor key, like that adopted by old Highland women spinning, or by a seaman keeping the anchor watch aboard a tramp.

Mysterious business used to take him into Glasgow now and then, when he would lunch at a good club, and then sink out of sight no one knew where or why. His relations and his friends, after the manner of their kind attributed all kinds of vices to him, though if the truth were known, I fancy there was nothing more awful than a left-handed wife perhaps some country girl, and a knock-kneed, "short-backit" family, in the dim regions of his private life. In spring about the month of April he regularly appeared in Leamington to drink the waters of that ineffable stucco resort of Irish colonels and Scotch generals, partly because his sisters lived there, and partly on account of the fame the waters had enjoyed in Dr. Jephson's time. Although he spoke the English language with nothing of his native country in the accent, but that faint intonation which reminds one of the air escaping from the chanter of a bagpipe, yet generally at Leamington, and with all those he looked on as stuck up, he discoursed in broadest Scotch. An English lady being displeased with the genial showers of our northern summer remarked to him "It always seems to rain whenever I come to Scotland," to which he answered "Yes, but it whiles rains when you do not come, Mem." It was his humour usually to address a man as "Mem," a lady by the style of "Sir," and end his sentences no matter what the sex of him with whom he talked, "No, Sir; yes, Mem;" thus showing his contempt or his respect for both the sexes quite impartially. At breakfast time he sat with his teacup making a ring upon the newspaper, silent but comminative, upon the extracts which he read, raising his

snuff-smeared face at times to say, "I'll take aw egg. Yes Sir, No Mem, I think I will take aw."

And so he passed his life in alternation between Leamington and the West of Scotland, growing each day more snuffy, more untidy, and more cynical. Then came a period of nomadism, and to his relatives' amazement they heard he had attached himself to a travelling circus; whether from love of some young lady who in short petticoats and tights danced on a barebacked horse; from pleasure in the society of the horses or the clown, or simply from the amusement he derived from scandalising all his friends, no one could tell. But with the circus for a year or two he roamed about, appearing now and then, when it chanced, either in Yorkshire or in Scotland, to perform near to a country house where he was known, and dropping in to lunch. On such occasions his sharp wit and knowledge of the world atoned for his strange dress, his dirty habits, and the trail of snuff which, as a snail leaves slime upon a window pane, he left where'er he went.

But this phase like the others had its turn, and tired of his nomadic life he settled down at Largs. There in the semi-fishing village semi-watering place he passed his time, sauntering about artistically draped in his white smock-frock or pinafore, worn over white duck trousers, muttering to himself, and cracking jests alone upon the beach.

A terror to the unprotected nursery-maids, a frequent visitor in church where he sat critically scanning the preacher with disfavour, putting a halfpenny into the plate, which in old-fashioned Scottish churches used to stand at the church door upon a pine or maple pillar simulating a stick of barley-sugar, and focussing all eyes upon himself by his loud criticisms.

But as the most of us have in our heart of hearts some person or another before whom our cynicism melts, our knowledge of the world becomes of no avail, and kindness, love, or custom, makes us regard them as perhaps a wayward dog regards its master whom it runs off from but returns to when it is hungry, so had my relative, hidden below the crust of snuff and whimsicality, with which he was well pitched inside and out, a feeling of regard, respect or something, for the older of his sisters, with whom he sometimes lived. No sentimental feeling seemed to unite them, in fact, his sister criticised with frank outspokenness, reproved him for his sloth, for dirtiness and for other matters about which modern ladies do not often reprehend their brothers, but he took it in good part. He seldom ventured to indulge in any of his coarse sallies in her presence, whether restrained by fear or by affection no one knew. Towards his other sister he had no such scruples, and when she talked of hunting, being like himself a rider from her youth up, he used to say "To hear my sister talk you would think there never was a woman who could ride, and hardly any men."

Death in its foolish, blundering, inexorable way first took the hunting sister, who with her last breath enjoined upon her heirs not to allow a spavined horse to take her to the grave. Her brother bore her loss quite philosophically, and as the hearse came to the door, exclaimed that the near leader had a thoroughpin, and that his sister never could bear to see a hearse horse decked in petticoats.

After a year or two spent between snuff and newspapers by my relative, the other sister went. He gave no sign of grief, unless by taking a double dose of snuff, and at the funeral behaved himself more decently than was his custom. All through the lines of stucco villas, semi-detached, each with its garden plot and araucaria, its air of desolate respectability, and its tent in summer on its little lawn, the cortège took its way. My relative was more subdued than usual, but took his snuff at proper intervals, and talked a little with himself of horses he had known, and dogs which in their day had drawn more badgers than the degenerate dogs of modern times.

Under the elm trees in the corner of the quiet English churchyard, the rooks' nests swinging in the March east wind, the tardy buds of the late spring forming themselves like drops of amber on the twigs, the hard, old, upright, kindly Scottish lady's grave was dug. On the one side a cheap Carrara monument,

commemorating all the virtues of some prosperous citizen reared its head. Upon the other, a mouldering elm board with "affliction sore" marked out the grave of some poor cottager. In his canonicals the clergyman mumbled his prayer, and on the coffin fell the Warwickshire red loam. Friends and acquaintances walked off in pairs, leaving my relative almost alone before the grave. To say he was affected outwardly would be untrue, for he took snuff with regularity. But as I turned to go he drew from the recesses of his "stan o' black" a rose all smeared with snuff, holding it in his hand, as a man holds a bird caught in a window, half cautiously as if he feared it might escape. Then stooping forward he laid it on the grass, and turning round said, "Did you spot the gurril with the pink flowers in her hat?"

Fortune did not arrange I was to see his funeral, therefore I cannot say if in his coffin his relations had sense enough to place his snuffbox. If they omitted so to do, or if a spavined horse was in his hearse, their sin was great. For me he is a memory of childhood, so quaint, at times I think that I evolved him from my own brain could I not swear I saw him in the flesh, and testify to his strange mutterings, his singings to himself, his quips, his cranks, his quiddities, and to his snuff rose.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THOMAS GIRTIN.

MR. BINYON has added to his work on Crome and Cotman a study of Thomas Girtin.* It is written with that care for facts and their relation to one another that might be looked for from one in Mr. Binyon's office, but the historian is doubled with the poet, who shows himself in the glow and felicity with which this eulogy is expressed. Girtin has never wanted praisers. No criticism upholds a name so surely as the rare word dropped by a great artist. Constable's word about Cozens will always maintain a stream of the curious up one quiet path; those drawings, so naïve in many ways, and tinted with a kind of private timid moonlight, will hold their votaries by their qualities of spaciousness, disposition of light, grave and tender importance given to the objects chosen, as by a speaker neither copious nor glib nor witty, but fastidious and steadfastly bent on the point to be expressed. In like manner two gruff admissions of Turner's are notable guideposts to Girtin for those who might miss his not very public address. "If Tom had lived, I should have starved," and the "Then I don't know what it can be unless it's Tom Girtin's *White House at Chelsea*" are thumping testimonials. Writers have not been grudging either. Messrs. Redgrave, Roget, Monkhouse, have given Girtin his place in their histories.

Mr. Binyon is not able to add much in the way of fact to these previous accounts; but inscriptions have to be cleaned and pointed from time to time, and a new voice must summon a new generation to remember. It does something for a man's fame, moreover, to put his name singly on the back of a book, and still more to print a number of his drawings beside the written word. Here is Girtin provided with a single monument instead of occupying a niche in the chronicles, and here is his talent published to speak for itself, so far as it can, in black and white, and that is some three-fourths of the way. His reputation will depend less on hearsay now and more people will be tempted to look up the originals of some of these photographs at the Print Room; but it would be an excellent thing to commemorate the centenary of Girtin's death two years hence, as Mr. Binyon suggests, by an exhibition, and to make an effort to obtain one or two of his finest works for a public gallery. It is a long time now since the Burlington Club exhibition; ten years, I fancy, since Girtins were shown at the Old Masters, and the examples at South Kensington are not very good. Can the Tate Gallery spare none of its vast space, or pious donors their money for such English masters now that Mr. Dicksee, and other great moderns, are so amply in-

stalled? Crome is secure with his masterpieces at the National Gallery, though he has not yet anything like his due repute in European art; Cotman, fortunate in having used oils, gives his measure in the *Wherries on the Yare*, but Girtin and Cotman have not been honoured yet for their drawings as they deserve to be, and are unknown to foreign admirers of our school.

Mr. Binyon makes no small claim for his subject, but he writes, as might be expected, without certain curious superstitions about English water-colour that linger among writers on the subject. He points out that water-colour painting was not an English eighteenth-century invention, and that the dull tinting of its early practitioners of that time was not a matter of technical necessity. Brightly coloured water-colours had been produced long before, and the reason for the sober tinting was that in the hands of the topographical draughtsman, the water-colour was the preface to an engraving, and the tints a mere indication of tone. Nor, again, must we think of those early water-colourists as working out the problems of landscape art from the beginning, as if they were the first to notice that trees are green, skies blue, and the earth brown. Their timid advances out of grey into blues and yellows are sometimes spoken of as momentous discoveries. This is to suppose that they never looked at oil-paintings and connected that version of the world with their own. The odd thing really is how separately two such arts may run side by side, so long as there is a difference of professional origin in the artists who practise them as well as of medium. The architect's office, then as now, did not require a very deep view of nature from its assistants in rendering backgrounds; but the moment two such assistants, Girtin and Turner, pushed out and fell into rank with painters, some of the limits disappeared. Even then, however, two streams joined without quite mingling, and in Turner's work it was the water-colour influence that won in the end, a tissue of new brilliancies patched on arbitrary contradictions. It may be noticed too, that Turner's expounder Mr. Ruskin naturally thinks in water-colour, when he does not expressly direct himself to the other medium.

Among the painters who influenced Girtin Mr. Binyon singles out Canaletto for one of the most important. We know that Girtin studied him, for the copies still exist, and at Sir George Beaumont's he may well have seen the magnificent *View in Venice* now in the National Gallery, and taken lessons from its grand manner of seeing a group of buildings along with unmatched skill in the rendering of architectural facts. But to all the influences—of Gainsborough, Wilson, Canaletto, Dutchmen—we must suppose added Girtin's definite birth as an artist in the discovery of what might be made of a scene, whether of town or mountain-land, by the powers of cloud and shadow, and the hour of the day. Something of the sort is related by an informant whom Redgrave quotes. Girtin had sketched the picturesque part of an ancient town, drawing the outline in broad daylight, and proposed to colour the scene as it then appeared, "but in passing near the spot at the going down of the sun, and perceiving that the buildings under the influence of twilight had assumed so unexpected a mass of shadow on the fading light of the sky, and that the reflections in the water still increased the vastness of the mass; moreover, that the arches opposed their distinct forms, dark also, to a bright gleam of the horizon; he was so possessed with the solemn grandeur of the composition, which had gained so much in sentiment by the change of light, that he determined to make an attempt at imitation and by ardent application accomplished the object. The piece was wrought with bold and masterly execution, and led to the daring style of effect which he subsequently practised with so much success." The whole secret of Girtin lies in this discovery. Thames-side with Wren's steeples flashing or glooming against the smoky sky, Bridgenorth piled up dark against the dawn, the counter-change of light and shadow on the sweeps of the Seine, the passage of mountainous clouds over mountain and stream, all these masterpieces follow on Girtin's step from the region of fact lit by explanatory light into that of effect charging the scene with grave and solemn feeling. Girtin's grasp in such

* "Thomas Girtin: his Life and Works." By Laurence Binyon. With twenty-one reproductions in autotype. London: Seeley and Co. 1900.

composition is extraordinary. We can estimate it best when we see him deal with these long panoramic slips of view that he took in London and Paris. The perspective difficulty alone is considerable, when a space of so wide an angle is included; but all seems natural and comfortably fitted in these views, and their elements are bound together, *phrased* like groups of notes, by the splendidly conceived skies.

If we are to praise Girtin with discrimination, it is in these points, the management of scale, perspective and chiaroscuro, that we shall find his supremacy, but we must avoid going on to speak of his colour as if it were the colour of nature, or of his technique as if there were anything miraculous in that. Mr. Binyon's account leaves the door open to misunderstanding on the first head. In comparison with his predecessors Girtin seemed to contemporaries (as did Cimabue and many since) to give Nature herself. His power of tone persuaded the delighted eye to see true colour also. But his colour as a matter of fact is very conventional brown colour. Cotman, who was the formaliser of Girtin, emphasising his noble disposition, simple masses, and firmly plotted light and shadow, made a prettier, more conscious use of some of the umbers and yellows, but he, like Girtin, betrayed himself when he stepped out of brown into anything bright and positive. Girtin's colour is sometimes agreeable, sometimes not, but never natural. His technique, again, appeared to his contemporaries wonderfully daring and dashing, we hear of his "sword play" of execution and of rich blots of colour. There is little of this in Girtin. His work is rather marked by great deliberation, the boldness is boldness of design; the chiaroscuro is plotted definitely from the first and laid down as we see in the unfinished Thames drawing at the Print Room. Over this, wash after flat wash was passed with plenty of time for drying. Technical difficulty really begins in water-colour in the attempt to model within a wash; that is not Girtin's way. His hand is very light and sure, but the triumph is one of design, not of very difficult execution. The much-praised waterfall drawing, for example, given in this book, was not a very difficult feat, seeing that colour hardly enters into it, and that a waterfall, unlike a wave, is practically a stationary object. If we speak of Canaletto in connexion with Girtin, it must be with the caution that to draw architectural detail as Canaletto did in oil paint is a real miracle of execution. What is barely possible in that medium (in the precise drawing of mouldings for example, with a rich quality of paint) presents no difficulties with the pencil and wash, and even so the beauties of Girtin do not lie in the execution of such details. Freed from these possible misconceptions Mr. Binyon's estimate of Girtin seems to me no more than just, making him the master of that moment of solemn contemplation whose influence held the youthful Turner, and extended to Cotman and De Wint.

D. S. M.

DRAMA OF THIS YEAR.

COMES the end of July. At this time, before crushing my trusty quill under heel, usually I look back and write a review of the past "theatrical season." This year, I can do no such thing. I am engaged here not as a creative artist, but as a critic, as one who deals with materials ready-made. I do not feel called upon to invent what does not exist. No past "theatrical season:" no review of it by me.

The theatres have been open, of course. Some interesting plays have been revived. Shakespeare has flourished. So has Sheridan. Many uninteresting plays have been revived by the managers who were originally responsible for them. But a season of revivals is no season at all. Here and there, certainly, one has seen a new play. But I do not, unluckily, recall any new plays that have been interesting. . . . Yes, there was "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" . . . and of course, "You Never Can Tell." For the rest, no echo comes to me but of my own footsteps. The long corridor lies dark and empty behind me. May the door of the next one, when it opens, show me a bright vista of entrancing revelations!

Two plays by a young poet are to be produced in the course of next season. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Tree and Mr. Alexander succeed in persuading the public that Mr. Stephen Phillips is, like Shakespeare, so edifying that he must, in spite of his poetry, be accorded a respectfully rapt hearing. In any case, one will be glad to see new poetic drama actually on the stage. Not that we are likely to have a general renaissance of it. In these times, poetic drama can but be a happy survival, a beautiful little back-water remote from the main current of the stream. That main current, as I have often said, is of realistic modern comedy and tragedy. Regret it as you may, modern realism is the only direction in which our drama can really progress. And in that direction it had been slowly progressing till the South African dam stopped it; and in that direction, when the dam is removed, it will again be progressing slowly. But for the public, the progress would be quick enough. If only the dramatists could banish the public from their minds, we might have already a fine drama of the modern realistic kind. The dramatists have been doing the best they could, having regard to the necessity of luring the public along with them. Every decade has brought us perceptibly nearer to something fine. I calculate that in sixty years, at the present rate of progress, we ought really to be in the midst of that something fine. Meanwhile, though the public is being slowly educated in serious drama—for "though," on second thoughts, read "because"—it is becoming more and more fond of music-halls and musical farces. If it would only become so fond of them that it would utterly abstain from patronage of drama, and so necessitate a drastic revolution in the commercial system which clogs the modern dramatist's every footstep, then I should not have to bide my sixty long years. A mere decade would be needed for the dramatist to realise the new conditions—to realise that he was free, like the painter, to do his best work, for his own pleasure and for the pleasure of a few patrons. You doubt whether any patrons would be forthcoming? But a taste for good drama is not more rare than a taste for good pictures. The reason why subsidies are not now offered for any theatre is that no one is imaginative enough to conceive, in the present state of drama, the existence of a drama worth subsidising. So soon as our dramatists were rid of the public's yoke, they would be able to prove, in their new MSS., that such a drama did actually exist. Subsidies would forthcome then, quickly enough. Good dramatists would be able to live by doing good work. The better their work, the larger their income. Of course, that income would never be so large as the income they now make by doing half-good work. But then they would not be selling their self-respect with their work.

I wrote nothing last week about "Madame Delphine," a little play by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, privately produced at Wyndham's Theatre. My silence was not due to defective admiration, but to an idea that I, dramatic critic, had been admitted to the theatre rather to receive a foretaste of the things which will happen when Mrs. O'Connor becomes a professional dramatist than to criticise her first guarded flight among her friends. However, now that I have seen notices of the play in various public journals, I hasten to insert my belated little sprig of laurel in Mrs. O'Connor's wreath. I hope that there will be many more plays like "Madame Delphine," equally deft and well written. Mrs. O'Connor ought certainly not to let slip that future which she proves herself to possess. As the play was privately produced, adverse criticism would be out of place, though favourable criticism, as I am glad to find, is in place. If I did not sincerely like the play, I should preserve my silence. Likewise, if I did not think it had been acted well by its cast of volunteers, I should say nothing about them. Fortunately, they acted very well indeed—with one exception—and I may waft them my compliments. But there was the one exception, and I care not what laws of good taste I trample on in calling attention to it. I stand in a peculiar relation to Mr. Laurence Irving. I have described him, here in these columns, very solemnly and fervidly, as a genius. I have made myself a kind of Godfather to him, and I must not let

him run wild. I must, at any cost of good manners, not allow him to labour under the impression that I did not think his impersonation of an old French priest in "Madame Delphine" the most appallingly bad piece of acting I had ever seen. Indeed, his performance confirmed me, more than ever, in my opinion that he is a genius. To act so badly as all that postulates a power almost supernatural. Had I never seen Mr. Laurence Irving before, I should have exclaimed "Here is one whom the gods have endowed with a gift vouchsafed to none other of their creatures. Never let me see him again!" Having seen him act amazingly well in other plays, I conclude my outburst with a hope that I shall see him again as soon as possible, wildly wondering whether he will be on the heights or in the depths. To describe what I saw of those depths is quite beyond my power in writing. I am not Dante. But my impression was not the less awful because it is incommunicable. He who should have been a benign, quiet, tender old creature with a French accent, a mere spectator of the play's action, became a croaking, grunting, shrieking, raving lunatic with an accent for which every nation in Europe had been held in fee, and with the combined gestures of a windmill, an octopus, and a monkey-on-a-stick—horrific gestures which, even when the gesticulator himself had nothing to say, were continuously employed in order to explain to the audience the true meaning of what the other mimes were saying. . . . Those poor other mimes! For their sake, for mine, for his own, for all sakes, let Mr. Irving cultivate a sense of proportion and restraint, a sense of the when and the when not, of the how and the how far. To make really tremendous failures is one of the sure signs of genius. Only by genius can such failures be made. Nevertheless, genius should try hard not to make them.

It seems that my article in last week's number of this REVIEW produced an effect of inconsistency. At any rate, five separate readers of it, polite strangers, have written to me, complaining that in the first paragraph I credited the Music Hall with "an air of honesty and freshness not to be found in the theatre," whereas in the last paragraph I twitted it with the fact that "hypocrisy reigns supreme" over it. I hasten to answer these signals of distress. Let my five correspondents read the article again, more carefully, and they will find that there is no real contradiction in the collated passages. The Music Hall is honest, because, as I said, it makes its appeal straight to Demos without any side-reference to art. It is a "trustworthy document" of Demos' soul. Now, as I also demonstrated, Demos in England is a hypocrite. Therefore the Music Hall provides entertainments in strict accordance to the various pretences which he likes to keep up. It panders to the disingenuous tyrant—panders frankly, and with all its might. But the theatre panders both to Demos and to art. Serving two masters, it betrays (and is found out by) both of them. But the Music Hall is honest (and thrives) because it has only one allegiance; nor is its honest single-heartedness less apparent because its master seems to you and me contemptible. "Paula Tanqueray" is a less honest creation than "Rose Ponpon," even as half a lie is worse than a lie whole.

MAX.

"THE BARBER" AT COVENT GARDEN.

FOR me the opera season closed on Monday night with Rossini's "Barber;" for the majority of opera lovers it had closed some time before with the "Dusk of the Gods;" for the remnant that is still faithful to Baal it will close next Monday with "Faust" and an old German melody known in England as "God Save the Queen." I am in rather a difficult position with regard to the whole matter. I began the season by summing it up; and not for the life of me can I think of a method of ending, of pulling off a kind of undertaker's notice. It would be easy to sing a requiem; but it is by no means desirable that this last season should rest for ever in peace. Rather one hopes that the memory of it may rankle in the minds of all

concerned, and that they may be stung to do or try to do better in future. Perhaps, on the whole, it is best not to end, to write no obituary notice, damnatory or otherwise, but simply to leave off for a week or so, and then proceed to make comparisons more or less odious with any other opera houses of Europe which I may visit during my impending so-called holiday.

This plan leaves me in the awkward position of having to write about the "Barber." Now the "Barber" is interesting, but not in a way that provokes one to speak much about it. Moreover, if the truth must be told (and in this instance there is no cogent reason why it should not be told), on Monday I heard very little of the "Barber," and could have wished to hear less. The "Barber" is by no means a hot-weather opera. At one time it was. But now the old melodies, once so fresh, so cool, seemingly so ever-green and the very thing for tropical days or nights, are more than a trifle stale and faded. Lemonade is (I am informed on trustworthy authority) a very excellent drink for the young in the warm days. But if the bottle has stood open for more than half a century, if all the fizz and sparkle are gone out of the liquor, if it is warm and decidedly flat, would the youngest of us drink with any pleasure? There were days when the "Barber of Seville" used to be compared not with bourgeois lemonade but with the finest aristocratic brand of champagne. Now it is difficult to tell whether it ever was champagne or simply lemonade. Certainly it was never champagne of the sort that Mozart knew the secret of making. Still, if you compare it with other vintages of the period—with Donizetti or Bellini—it is not hard to perceive that it was better than the best other products of the Italian vineyards; and more curious still, if you compare it with any of the modern Italian products, you find that where Rossini pressed his juices from something resembling grapes, the modern Italian men squeeze their stuff from the poorest quality of gooseberries. The fact is that Rossini, with his supernatural fluency, his incessant flow of pleasantly piquant melody, was the close of the school of old-fashioned Italian opera, and that since his day Italy has had no composer worth naming, with the possible exception of Verdi, who is in all respects much inferior to Rossini. Whether you hear "Cavalleria" or "Pagliacci" or "Bohème" or "Tosca," you listen to echoes of Rossini, and you will find nothing in them that Rossini did not do more skilfully and effectively. Further, you will find nothing in them that Rossini could not have done a million times better if only Richard Wagner or someone else had persuaded him to take his pen in his hand seriously for once. It was because he never worked seriously that his light and funny music is now so tedious and monotonous. Jokes that are to last for a few centuries require to be worked at as carefully and conscientiously as any other artistic jobs, especially if they are musical jokes. In music everyone jokes, as the Scotchman did, with difficulty. I could not altogether agree with the gentleman who told me the other night that he considered the Mad Scene the best part of the "Barber," partly because the remnants of a careful education that still cling to me left me in no doubt as to the fact that the Mad Scene does not belong to the "Barber," and partly because I think any one bar of the "Barber" is worth the whole of "Lucia." Yet, as I have admitted, I found the "Barber" same, dull, tiresome. The melodies still trip merrily; from beginning to end the orchestra is sprightly; the voices are sent gaily from one end of the scale to the other in ancient voice-breaking manner that used to be considered good writing for the voice. But the sprightly tripping and skipping of a pretty young girl is one thing: it is quite another when a painted old dowager indulges in the kittenish romps proper to no later age than sweet seventeen. On Monday the Basilio of Edouard de Reszke was great fun; Melba sang beautifully and entered into the game with spirit; even Lucia annoyed me a little less than usual. But—the evening was a warm one, and in fancy I could see the perspiration melting the paint off the wrinkled dowager's face: I could not forget that Rossini's muse, however charming she may have been in the early part of the century, was altogether *passée* now. Wherefore soon

it seemed wiser to discuss the music in a cool place than to listen to it in a hot one; and while the music was going on I reflected that Rossini utterly exhausted the Italian inspiration that gave it life. If the young Italians want to produce any genuine art—a thing they have not yet achieved—they will have to look elsewhere for a fresh inspiration. That is precisely what the Latin obstinately refuses to do: it is indeed what every race in Europe at present obstinately refuses to do. It is odd that while most men are brave and can be relied on to face death without shrinking, most men also lack the courage to face life: they dare not live. They make with undignified haste for the beaten tracks on the shore: they dread to take boat and make for the open sea. In music there are thousands of discoveries to be made; but all the musicians are laboriously at work trying to do the thing that has been superbly done before. In England there is a steady output of oratorios and cantatas constructed according to well-tried designs; France is no further advanced than she was fifty years ago; from Germany we get little else than symphonies, overtures, symphonic poems that date back to pre-Wagnerian days; the young Italians—at least whatever things are good in the young Italians—are as old as Rossini. And if we find Rossini quite boring to-day, what will be thought to-morrow of Puccini, Leoncavallo and Mascagni? How one longs for a man who will be done with the formula, who will come off the beaten track.

J. F. R.

THE WIDER ASPECTS OF INSURANCE.—II.

WE have already seen that the progress of insurance has been characterised by a change from indefinite to definite. Among other indications of its progress we find also a change from simple to complex. In the well-known scientific phrase it has passed, in the course of development, from a state of homogeneity to a state of heterogeneity. It may be illustrated by the changes exhibited in social and business progress. "Among barbarous tribes every man is warrior, hunter, fisherman, toolmaker, builder. Every woman performs the same drudgeries. Every family is self-sufficing, and, save for the purposes of aggression and defence, might as well live apart from the rest." From this primitive state of affairs we have gradually changed to the vast complexities of modern life. Science, literature, newspapers, industries, government, fighting, all exhibit highly developed specialisation. Complexity is apparent everywhere, and is constantly becoming still more complex.

Nowhere is this change from simple to complex more manifest than in connexion with insurance. Commencing with marine insurance we come to the introduction of insurance against loss by fire, and in life assurance to provision against financial loss by death. In each of these three branches of the business the simplicity of the earlier stages has given place to the complexity of modern arrangements, and miscellaneous forms of insurance, such as sickness and accident, hail-storm, burglary, plate-glass, cattle, and almost countless others have been introduced. As an instance of the way in which one part of modern life reacts upon other parts we have as a direct result of the publicity recently given to frauds by solicitors and others the introduction by the Ocean Accident Corporation of a system of Trust Insurance of a novel character, the need for which is obvious so soon as mentioned, and which is doubtless destined to grow to large proportions. Scarcely a month goes by without some fresh scheme being brought out, some new addition being made to the complexity of modern insurance business.

The way in which the affairs of insurance companies are managed is a further instance of the same principle. There is a head office with many branches and agencies, there are many departments in each office, and many specialists in each department. Outside the companies themselves there are institutes of various kinds established for many different purposes, such as improving the knowledge of the subject of insurance, regulating the common action on different companies, educating the workers, and promoting social intercourse among them. There is an extensive insurance press, a large amount of insurance literature, and there are specialists

devoting their energies to writing and designing the pamphlets and prospectuses published by insurance companies.

Within the last year or two many offices which formerly only transacted life assurance business have commenced transacting accident insurance, and within the last few weeks the Commercial Union, an important company formerly transacting life, fire, and marine business, has obtained powers to transact all other kinds of insurance. Every branch of the business exhibits the same growing complexity that is characteristic of insurance as a whole. Life assurance, which was primarily a provision for a payment at the death of the assured in return for an annual premium payable throughout life, now provides not merely payments after death, but also payments during the lifetime of the policy-holder, and in many different ways incomes for beneficiaries after the death of the assured. Policies are issued both with and without participation in profits, premiums can be paid throughout life, or for a limited number of years, innumerable combinations of different schemes have been introduced, and it needs an uninterrupted study of insurance matters from day to day to obtain, even to an approximately complete degree, a knowledge of the complexities of modern insurance, which have grown by a natural process out of the simplicity of its earlier stages.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE GUILTY PARTIES IN CHINA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the article with the above title in your issue of 21 July, which is not signed, and might therefore be taken as expressing the policy of the SATURDAY REVIEW if the sentiments expressed in it were less monstrous, the writer observes in passing, with a calm worthy of Mr. Gilbert's Mikado, that "the decapitation of Prince Tuan and Tung Fuh-siang on the scene of their crime will be among the first and most obvious acts of retribution." He goes on to suggest that Peking should be "effaced, and a tablet should be erected to record that here once stood the accursed city in which the rites of hospitality due to the stranger from afar were violated by the murder of men, women and children of a status which nations in all ages have regarded as privileged and inviolable."

May I ask why, if we accept the "obviousness" of retaliation and terrorism as a necessary part of English policy, we are to let Tuan and Tung off with mere decapitation in a country where an offender is not held to be really severely punished unless he is cut into a thousand pieces? What has become of the humour and invention of the SATURDAY REVIEW, that it makes so tame a proposal? Why not inoculate the two foreign devils with cancer or hydrophobia, or sew up glass tubes of croton oil in them and then break the tubes, or rack them with electric currents, or drag them to pieces with motor cars, or otherwise prove to the Chinese how far our civilisation excels theirs in the intensity of its torments and the modernity of its methods? And when we undertake the "effacement" of "accursed cities," is it wise to indulge in sentimental inscriptions about women and children in view of the fact that cities of a million inhabitants cannot be effaced without inflicting considerable inconvenience, amounting in many cases to death, on the women and children who inhabit the city? I put it to you, Mr. Editor, that a writer should be as careful not to mix his religions and moral systems as not to mix his metaphors. If we are going back to the methods of Peter the Blackguard and Timour the Tartar, let us face the fact that we cannot take the humanitarian sympathies and indignations of Lord Shaftesbury back with us. Indeed, I do not see why we should desire to be troubled with them, since they must needs seem the most snivelling weakness to a stalwart whose great revenge has stomach for effaced cities and chopped-off heads. Why, Imperial Peter put pregnant women on the rack, and hung to the window bars of his sisters' prison cells the decomposing corpses of their accomplices. He had the courage and logic of your contributor's passions.

There is, however, one of Lord Shaftesbury's points of view which deserves a little more consideration from the SATURDAY; and that is the high Tory point of view. If our foreign policy—or for the matter of that our domestic policy—is to be a mere matter of retaliation, terrorism and bad blood, then it is clear that the most violent criminal at present in our prisons is more fit to be our Foreign Minister than Lord Salisbury, who is probably more or less weakened by humanitarian superstitions. For all we know to the contrary, Lord Salisbury may be of opinion that the object of civilized government, and the reason for its being aristocratic, is that without it the world would be abandoned to the passionate delusions and rancours of the fighting, flogging, duelling, torturing, foreigner-hating, retaliating, human-sacrificing, sentimentalising plebeians who, if they were allowed, would spend their lives in savagely punishing with one hand the atrocities which they are savagely committing with the other. An English gentleman may hold that opinion without being a Christian, or anything eccentric or impracticable of that sort. The Socialists are very emphatic on the subject: in these days of democracy it is only the Socialists, from Karl Marx forward, who are still Tory enough to impartially denounce the "lumpen-proletariat" and "canaille" as no less politically immoral than the bourgeoisie. Events have now ripened sufficiently to force all men of any character to ask themselves whether modern democracy means that all the ability and nobility in the nation is to be employed in holding a candle to its mediocrity and its mob, instead of in genuine leadership. If the English nation is going to treat the Chinese nation as a drunken English navvy would treat a drunken Chinese one who had injured him, then in the name of common sense give the navvy Lord Salisbury's portfolio, and leave Lord Salisbury free to study in his laboratory. But don't call that Toryism or Conservatism. It is nothing but the most horrible, most cowardly mobocracy that can be imagined; and the mob itself will be the first to despise it.

The war in China is part of a series of inevitable wars for the establishment of an international level of civilization. If the Western level of civilization gets reduced by the passions which war excites to the level of the refractory civilizations which it attacks, the world-force which is flinging the West on the East will vanish; and the victory will be to the hardest and skilfullest slayer—a distinction which we may hope belongs to the Chinaman rather than to the Englishman. We are already handicapped by the fact that we have disgraced ourselves by frightful relapses from the little eminence we have struggled to. We blew men from the cannon's mouth in the ecstasy of our terror and vindictive rage during the Indian Mutiny. We dug up the Mahdi's corpse the other day and mutilated it: an offence against civilization which no Chinaman could underbid. During the South African war we have listened with far too much tolerance to the delirious rancours and terrors of writers who have wrought themselves to the pitch of believing that the world consists of a fox called the British Empire and a pack of hounds called the Powers, who will tear it to pieces unless it buys a dozen more sets of false teeth. All these relapses are symptoms of cowardice, a complaint with which we are greatly afflicted nowadays in consequence of the nervous modern ways of living, which have made an end of our old stolidity. And the more nervous we grow, the more we asseverate our indomitable courage, and throw Victoria Crosses about until they become the reward, not of valour, but of the unexpected and reassuring absence of positive pusillanimity. We are belying the ground on which all our wars must now be fought: to wit, the superiority of British civilization to the civilizations that come into conflict with it. That ground is cut from under our feet by every act and impulse of ours that is a common act and impulse instead of being a noble one. War being in itself a degradation to civilization, it is when war begins that the standard of civilized instinct must be most jealously upheld. The customary terms of morality: namely, that the Englishman will behave quite humanely as long as nobody provokes him to be a savage, will not do for a nation under arms; for there is a martial law of morals which is far more important than the martial

law of discipline. Revenge, under any extremity of provocation, must be absolutely barred; for there is no end to it but the destruction of the whole human race. Unless a nation can keep its head and its heart when its men are being shot from beneath white flags, when its women are being ravished and its children slaughtered by foreigners drunk with its blood, then that nation has not the moral grit nor the intellectual self-control that will win in the long run; and its reliance on its pluck, or whatever other schoolboy name it may give to its rage, will save it no more than Dervish pluck saved the Khalifa.

I am sorry to sermonise in this fashion, Mr. Editor; but I am convinced that you have many readers who do not want to decapitate their enemies and efface foreign towns, and who are growing more and more alarmed at the license now accorded to the expression of passions which in the eighteenth century would, in SATURDAY REVIEW society, have stamped their propagandists as buccaneers. Please remember that only the other day we actually executed an elephant in London for murder; and that from executing animals to burning witches, torturing witnesses, and sacking towns, is a much shorter step than any that lay between the British Empire and barbarism twenty years ago.—Yours truly,
G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE FUTURE OF THE IRISH LANDLORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rathmines, Co. Dublin.

SIR,—Everybody knows that "rent" is a "remainder over" after certain necessary and essential deductions are made from the money value of the produce of the land. With a decline in this money value it is merely a matter of arithmetic that the "remainder over" or "surplus"—which is the rent—must diminish. Irish landlords of the type of your correspondent "A Future Irish Landlord" and Mr. H. A. Johnston cannot see this, and argue *ad nauseam* that because tenants continue to pay high prices for the possession of land—it being the only outlet most of them have for their energies—their rents should not be reduced. The meaning of this is that to give landlords their full rents the tenants should be compelled to reduce the share that economically belongs to them, and of course to a corresponding degree lower their standard of comfort. Is it not evident that your correspondent "A Future Irish Landlord" does not understand even the elements of the subject on which he writes when he states that the Land Commission will undoubtedly in future reversions of rent take into account the fact that landlords are relieved of the payment of poor rate "and will cut down rents proportionately"? He forgets that the benefit to the landlord is distinctly and carefully safeguarded in the Local Government Act.—I am, Sir, &c.

POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

AN INDIAN FINANCIAL MYSTERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Calcutta, 31 May, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—The belated Report of the Indian Expenditure Commission presided over by Lord Welby has omitted to furnish some needed and desired details of a financial affair of importance to the Indian Treasury, regarding which the Indian taxpayer and, indeed, all those members of the House of Commons who may have accepted Sir H. Fowler's invitation to consider themselves members for India might reasonably have looked for enlightenment. Few intelligently interested readers of the debate in the House of Lords, on 15 May, 1893, on the Indian "Home charges," can have forgotten the feeling aroused by strange statements from Lord Northbrook, which nothing has since divested of the quasi-official complexion acquired from his former tenure of the office of Indian Viceroy and his later position as chairman of a committee appointed to investigate protests of the Indian Government against the English adjustment of military charges. These protests were not aimed at any genuine military expenditure held by responsible authorities to be necessary. They only questioned the fairness of the allotment of the

respective shares of the English and the Indian Treasuries in indispensable expenditure, and were thus at once taken out of the range of party contests at home and the tactics of the Congress faction in India. The growing sense of English responsibility to the people of India, which has been stimulated by the famine, makes it both appropriate and seasonable to recall Lord Northbrook's statements and to realise the nature of the singular omissions of the Expenditure Commission. What Lord Northbrook stated was as follows:—"In 1870 . . . a most complicated and extraordinary plan was imposed upon India, under which, year by year, the actual pensions India was supposed to be called upon to pay in consequence of the abolition of Purchase in the British Army were capitalised, and the capital value, year by year, was charged upon India by the British Exchequer. This arrangement lasted for fourteen years, until 1884, and the effect had been an enormous increase in the charges on the revenue of India, an increase which was not less than £4,000,000 in those years for pensions and so on. The present Secretary of State for India at that time made a representation to the Treasury on the subject. . . . It was urged that it was exceedingly unjust that the Indian Revenue should be called upon to bear any charge in order to get rid of that peculiarly English abuse, and the granting of pensions to officers on compulsory retirement. . . . He could not, throughout all the papers laid before Parliament, find any answer to the argument on behalf of India. The arrangement for capitalisation of the purchase pensions ceased in 1884." Lord Northbrook may, as chairman of the Committee of February 1879, be credited with sufficient intimacy with his subject to have been kept from any ignorant blunder in his description given in 1893, nine years after the large payments had ceased. It seems clear from his language that pensions "supposed to be" due from India at the time of the abolition of the Purchase system were "capitalised," and that this "capital value," and not merely the pensions actually paid or payable, was exacted annually from India for fourteen years. The capital value of a pension, it is hardly necessary to point out, is ordinarily a sum which, invested at a specified rate, will provide the pensions agreed upon. Supposing that the aggregate pension charges calculated to fall due in any one year would amount to the interest receivable on £4,000,000, it is conceivable that a single payment of that amount would suffice to form a fund of which the annual interest would meet the average pension charges accruing from year to year; though, even then, as there is no question of the security of the Indian Government, the capital would remain in the wrong hands. A preferable, and the more business-like, plan would have been to set down actual payments of pensions made to British officers serving in India, whatever they might be, as they were paid from year to year, like any other regularly recurring military charge. But it is inconceivable that a charge of £4,000,000 a year could be fairly made for fourteen years against India on any pretext of being claimable for pensions. Payments so made would amount up to £56,000,000; and it is incredible that the interest on this large sum could be needed to meet only the pensions of British officers lent to England for fourteen years or any other now definitely determined period. At the same time when this extraordinary transaction occurred, the British Treasury was called on to meet heavy demands for compensation for the abolition of Purchase, and was in urgent need of large sums of money such as cannot unhappily be taken by Chancellors of the Exchequer from the pockets of British taxpayers without incurring an amount and a kind of odium which no British Cabinet lightly challenges. In case this way of stating the case may be thought to involve suspicions of artful dodging obviously inapplicable to British statesmanship, even under the stress of appetite for office or party loyalty, it may be as well to allow the British statesman at the time at the head of the India Office to give his own version of the business. Lord Kimberley in replying to Lord Northbrook candidly confessed that "increased burdens of that kind might reasonably be thought to constitute a grievance, but he feared that the imposition of such burdens was not likely to cease. . . . The

Indian Government was in the unfortunate position of having these matters settled for it by the Government at home, and the India Office found that schemes involving a large increase of expenditure were frequently pressed upon the Department in the House of Commons. He concluded that the reason why proposals that must throw fresh burdens on the Government of India were so frequently made in the House of Commons was that those who made them knew that their own pockets would not suffer. The India Office had no particular desire that the question should be reopened and discussed anew, for bitter experience had taught the department that the reopening of a question of this kind generally resulted in the imposition of an additional charge." So long as it is not required of stewards in politics that a man should be faithful to any charge which is not a Party palladium, or a seal of office, a wink may be as good as a nod to any politicians not altogether out of the reach of the chance of being recalled to a place of power. But the cynical frankness of these confessions would be hard to beat. Nevertheless, even the type of official conscience described by Lord Kimberley apparently shrank from facing further public portrayals. It only needed the indignant remonstrances of the Indian Government to cause the plan defined by Lord Northbrook as "complicated and extraordinary" and as resulting in "an enormous increase in the charges on the revenue of India"—to snuff out like a candle. The Home charges of India which had stood at £17,599,000 in 1883, quietly fell to £13,758,000 in 1884; and so industriously has the slate on which the figures were worked out been sponged that the traces of them, for which Lord Northbrook looked in vain in 1893, are not even now to be found in the Expenditure Commission's Report. It is perhaps characteristic of the methods of Sir W. Wedderburn and his coadjutors in their mission of embarrassing in turn all Governments alike that, while pottering about details of expenditure as to which any practical divergence from the established order of things is held by all informed and responsible opinion to be impossible, they should have overlooked this particular transaction which demands searching inquiry. Two questions seem naturally to emerge from all these considerations. One is whether, if the protests of the Indian Government had been made at an earlier period, say seven years before it actually came, the preposterous charge of £4,000,000 a year would have ceased seven years before it did. The other is, what, if that were so, would be the precise quality, either in a political or in an economic analysis, of the remaining portion of the charge made for fourteen years, which would clearly owe its continuance to the accident of not having been earlier resented; and appears to resemble spoliation. It is not too much to say that from a commission specially appointed to investigate the very field in which the challenged transactions lie buried not far from the surface, some satisfactory and indeed exhaustive explanation might have been expected. Any expectation of the kind has been doomed to disappointment. What the Report says on page 109, in paragraphs 291 and 292, is this:—"From 1870-71 to 1883-84, the Government of India capitalised and paid down its share of the pensions granted in each year to officers and men of the British Army. Capitalisation then ceased, and from 1 April, 1884, the Government of India has paid the proportion attributable to service in India of the pensions granted subsequently to that date." But if the arrangement prevailing since 1 April, 1884, when the Home charges fell suddenly by about £4,000,000, is an obviously fair one—is, indeed, the only honest one possible, since, in actuarial calculations, it is impossible to have two correct results—it is difficult to see why it was not adopted from the beginning; and why reparation should not be made for the confiscations of the alternative course actually taken. But the Report proceeds:—"Up to the year 1870, commissions were bought and sold in the British Army, and under the Purchase system a large proportion of officers left the service by sale of their commissions and without pensions. Thus under Purchase, the amount of pensions paid to officers of the Army was small, and the Indian Government,

employing a part of the British Army, shared, in due proportion with the Imperial Government, the benefit of this economy. But after long discussion, the Imperial Government came to the conclusion that the Purchase system was bad . . . and they abolished it. But when Purchase was abolished, it became necessary (1) to compensate the Purchase officers, and (2) to provide pensions for officers who no longer retired by the sale of their commissions. The Imperial Government thought the measure so important that they laid on the British taxpayer a burden of several millions for the first objects; but they did not ask the Government of India to contribute to this compensation charge." Whatever technical definition has since been attached to the £56,000,000 said to have been paid from 1870 to 1884, Lord Northbrook's clear impression of it in 1884 and in 1893 was that, under the title of a capital charge, it was paid as Purchase compensation money. If the "several millions," conveniently slipped off the pen's point, as the estimate of the British taxpayers' share of the burden, had been stated in plain figures, as it undoubtedly ought to have been, both classes of taxpayers, the English and the Indian, would have been in a position, by comparing the "enormous" payment of the Indian Treasury with the unnumbered millions of the British, to judge whether Lord Northbrook or the Commission was in the right. As has already been pointed out, it is out of the question that the £56,000,000 taken from India can represent any sums rightly claimable from this country on the sole account of military pensions for nineteen years; for at 3 per cent. that amount would yield as interest no less than £1,680,000 a year, while each of the instalments of £4,000,000 of which it was composed would itself yield an interest of £120,000 a year. "Under the new system also," to go on with the Report, "they granted an increased scale of pensions to officers of the British army, involving an increased charge on the taxpayer, and India has been required to take her share of this burden. The increased pension charge was a part of the price to be paid for effecting a great reform. . . . The Indian Government . . . contend that Purchase was a purely English abuse, and that it was not right to make India pay for the pensions that followed abolition of the abuse. . . . This argument might have been put forward with some force if the Imperial Government had asked India to provide a part of the compensation paid to Purchase officers, but India was not asked to share that burden." The general indifference of the House of Commons to the whole subject of Indian finance as evidenced in the numbers who attend the annual farce played over it, and called by courtesy a debate, is now one of the recognised traditions of the House about which it is growing impossible perhaps to make a fresh jest or point a new sarcasm. But it would prove an instructive side-light on the psychological attitude of the thin minority which does affect some interest in that performance to discover whether any, and how many, have cheerfully consented to consider the explanation of the Report, we do not say, satisfactory, but relevant. There is no charge made on India for the higher pensions given to British officers since the abolition of Purchase, that can also claim to be fairly made, to which any objection can be, or, so far as the public know, has ever been, offered. But there is one obvious feature of this charge that cannot be overlooked. It must be of a consistent kind and of only slightly varying amounts, from beginning to end. There can be no reason why £4,000,000 a year should have been demanded from 1870 to 1884 under some capital pretext, and a very different amount demanded, in consequence of an indignant protest from India, from 1884 to the present time. The whole point of the accusation made by Lord Northbrook, and not only not denied but virtually admitted at the time by Lord Kimberley, has been either carelessly or else carefully evaded in the Report of the Commission. If anything like a systematic misappropriation, deliberate or inconsiderate, of Indian funds has taken place, it might occur to various orators that the rhetorical energy used in conjuring up sympathy for suffering India, might be not less worthily employed in advocating restitution.—Yours, W. C. MADGE.

TENEBRÆ AMORIS.

AS when, at evening, river, field, and tree
Are rapt away and rendered up to night,
So pass my thoughts and my desires to thee.

Awhile, under thy whelming heaven, they cease;
Then are re-born to an enchanted light,
Permitting of them nothing but the peace.

REVIEWS.

AN APOLOGY FOR ANGLICANISM.

"Church Problems: a Review of Modern Anglicanism." By Various Authors. Edited by the Rev. H. Hensley Henson. London: John Murray. 1900. 12s.

AFTER all is there a Church of England? Is there anything more than a combination of religious parties, held together by the artificial bond of the Establishment, and of a Liturgy which all have agreed to accept but which all interpret as they please? Is there a Church with real principle and a real character of its own? If one were to judge merely by Church history in the past and Church controversy in the present, it would not be easy to give a very prompt answer. There seems to be a perpetual and futile struggle to make the Church of England something definite, to give it a distinctive character. The very energy and failure of the effort seem to suggest that after all the only real self of the Church is an impalpable and evasive legal fiction. But a deeper knowledge of history, and a wiser insight into controversy, show that in this very evasiveness rightly considered, is the mark for a very real and true character. Truth evades the strictness of definitions: ideas in proportion to their depth and fruitfulness evade the symmetry of systems; life evades the logic of theory. The character of the Church of England—the ideal which it has set before itself, or which Providence in the shaping of history has set before it—is to present and preserve the faith and worship of the Catholic Church in a form which recognises the width of its truth: which leaves scope for the development of its ideas and for the growth and expansion of its life. Character is called out and revealed in great crises: and in the century-long crisis of the Reformation the Church of England, painfully but surely, came to know itself, to discern its true character. The Reformation, says Dean Church, "sprang from an idea, a great and solid one, even though dimly comprehended, but not from a theory or a system." The idea was to take the existing historical Church, to release it from usurpations and corruptions, to set it in touch with the new forces, national, intellectual and spiritual which were arising, and so to give it freedom to develop. In the days of stress and conflict, when the spirit of fight drove men into opposite camps and led them to entrench themselves behind opposite systems, few men were calm or patient enough to appreciate or even to discern such an idea. The men of religion derided and the men of politics accepted it, as a mere compromise, without any inherent principle of its own. But those who had the time to think, and a temper for detachment from the more vulgar quarrels of the day, grasped the idea and set to work to vindicate it. This was the work of Hooker, of Andrewes, of the great divines of the seventeenth century. Their arguments showed that the idea was reasonable: their learning, that it was true to the spirit of the Primitive Church: their lives that it was capable of producing a very real and noble type of piety. The Prayer Book as it finally emerged from the throes of the Reformation was its most adequate expression; and moulded the lives of generations of "sober and peaceable" sons of the Church into conformity with it. But it carried with it the penalty of its own greatness. It left room for development: consequently it forfeited the surface security and artificial peace of a complete and authoritative system. It desired to meet and if possible incorporate what was best in new movements of mind and spirit: consequently it was exposed to the risk of constant

crises. Its aim was the widest comprehension possible within the limits of fidelity to the main stream of historic Christianity: consequently it could never satisfy the partisan temperament. Its spirit was quiet and peaceable: consequently it gave the indolent an excuse for sloth, and the excitable a provocation to discontent. In fact for its full realisation it required a temperament possessed of just those qualities which the ordinary man—especially when to his ordinariness is added an enthusiastic interest in religious questions—finds most difficult, the qualities of zeal tempered by patience, of moderation combined with strength, of enthusiasm controlled by patience, of faith sobered by reasonableness. It follows that whenever, as at present, the spirit of controversy is aroused the true idea—the essential character—of the Church of England is driven into the background. It is not one which can strive and cry and make its voice to be heard in the street. Hence it is apt to be forgotten. When rival factions are proclaiming what the Anglican Church ought to be and what they intend to make it, men lose sight of what after all it *is*.

The aim of the essays which Mr. Henson has edited is to recall men's minds to this neglected fact—"to bring under the public view a worthier version of Anglicanism than that which is provided by the controversies of the hour." The aim is thus both excellent and timely. It is a public service to recall men's minds from the narrow and fragmentary issues of current controversy to the real character of the Anglican ideal. In many respects the aim is admirably carried out. Mr. Henson, with the nervous style and vigorous logic which he always shows, and with a moderation which he does not always show, sketches the main outlines of the historical position of the Anglican Church and its bearings on the vexed incident of its establishment. Mr. Burrows dwells on the reserve, the recurrence to first principles, the fidelity to facts, and the breadth of view which mark the best Anglican theology, and on the principles of its worship which commend themselves to the sober and reserved English nature. Mr. Strong illustrates with clearness and force one application of the Anglican desire to meet new increments of thought—the relation between the Bible and modern criticism. Mr. Bernard Wilson shows that the Church has at least begun to meet the expansion of national life into the Empire. Mr. Beeching in one of the best essays in the book illustrates the spirit and temperament of Anglicanism as it is mirrored in literature—in the writings especially of Hooker, Andrewes, Isaak Walton, John Donne and George Herbert. Lord Hugh Cecil makes some trenchant observations on the danger of organised parties to the true comprehensiveness of the Church. Professor Collins and Mr. Headlam very clearly describe the relationship of the Church of England to the other great branches of the historic Church—the Churches of Rome and of the Orthodox East. It is obvious that the attempt to cover a ground so wide by a series of short essays leaves much to be desired: and criticism of details both of style, notably in Mr. Burrows' essays, and of argument would be easy. But we can heartily commend the book to the educated laity who wish to keep their heads in the strife of tongues, and to base their instinctive dislike of contending parties on grounds of reason and history.

There is, however, one defect which such a collection of essays almost inevitably displays. There is something in itself contradictory to the true ideal of Anglicanism in any attempt to take up a brief for Anglicanism as at any particular period it happens to be. It is no mere paradox to say that there are two attempts alike incompatible with the spirit of Anglicanism—the attempt promptly and hurriedly to make it perfect, and the attempt to justify its actual imperfections. The latter attempt is the flaw of this book. For example, the actual relations between the Church and the State at the present time are manifestly, perhaps glaringly, imperfect. It is one thing to deal with them patiently, quietly, with a just sense of the complicated issues involved: it is another thing to acquiesce in them. The great blank in these essays is any adequate treatment of Church Reform. The Vicar of Leeds is almost the only writer who faces its necessity. Mr. Henson (as on p. 66) seems to treat "the Christian state" as if it were

at this day a fact, whereas it is obviously a fiction, fruitful of portent and unnecessary anomalies. Again Mr. Burrows (p. 204) is entitled to praise "the sobriety, the reserve of Anglican worship," but he is not entitled to cover with this praise its "dull respectable uniformity." That is precisely the fault into which it tends to drift: and no good can come of any attempt to defend it. Mr. Whitmore need not spoil his effort to prove the value of endowments by implying that the laity of the English Church has nothing to learn from the liberality of nonconformist bodies. The one hope for the Church of England at the present day to realise its ideal—to meet new conditions and find scope for development—is that the men who are most attached to its characteristic moderation should be frank to admit defects and obstacles, and strenuous to get rid of them. It is because they are moderate that they ought to be zealous in reform, otherwise they leave reform to the fanatic and the partisan.

There is one thing, however, which such a book as this makes very plain. It is this: let any layman of average intelligence and seriousness read, say, Mr. Beeching's essay on Anglicanism in Literature. He will probably say "The Church as these men describe it is the Church for me." But it cannot be too emphatically asserted that this is a Church which the modern political Protestant and Puritan—with his Liverpool Bill—would destroy. He is the enemy to-day as he was three hundred years ago to the spirit of Hooker and Herbert. He asks not, as his antagonists with all their faults, liberty to exist but power to proscribe, and to bind the historic Church of England to the limits of a narrow and negative sect.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

"A History of Russian Literature." By K. Waliszewski. (Literatures of the World.) Heinemann. 6s.

THERE is nothing harder in the way of criticism than to treat intelligently of a whole literature in a single volume; though the thing can be done—Mr. Gosse, for example, who edits this series of Mr. Heinemann's, has done it himself for modern English literature, and Professor Murray has done it for the Greek. And if M. Waliszewski appears to us to have failed we recognise ungrudgingly that the attempt was in the nature of a forlorn hope. Russian literature is a living fact for Europe; they who study the art of fiction know that it has no more accomplished master than Tourguénieff; and it is evident to all that Count Tolstoi is not merely a great writer, but a great influence. Still, in spite of that, an interest in the two or three great names hardly extends itself beyond them. We recognise the works of Russians, we do not recognise a Russian culture, and this is where M. Waliszewski might have helped yet does not help us. Such a book as he has written ought, one would think, to envisage the national literature as a continuous effort of the race towards expression; he ought to help us to understand the mind of Russia and he does not. We make every allowance for a foreigner writing our tongue with a foreigner's imperfect sense of literary fitness; and for a critic set the almost impossible task of conveying to us general ideas of a literature of which we value only a few products and those almost the latest. But we are obliged to record the fact that he leaves us very little wiser than we were before reading, just because he lacks the art of selecting in a huge subject only the illuminating facts. In so far as concerns the literature of this century we had hoped to find in him an elucidating commentary upon Tourguénieff's story of "Punin and Baburin" which suggests so well the contrast of the old and the new, and the violent reaction of a mind nurtured upon Lomonossov against what seemed then at least the poisonous ferment of Pushkin.

And yet if one reads him with sympathy M. Waliszewski can explain a good deal. Russian popular poetry, epic and ballad, was created in an age before Christianity, and when the Church was established the Church-controlled writing and printing from the first. Thus the old songs and sagas went down from generation to generation by word of mouth, an intimate and

peculiar heritage of which no sense could penetrate to the outside world. This literature has been and is being collected and for its value we may take M. Waliszewski's word. It has, as yet, no value for Europe but to establish the fact of its existence is always something. Nothing comes of nothing, and if the race had always been dumb, we should ill account to ourselves for such a flowering of the national genius as has given within this century a high place to the Russian among modern literature. But M. Waliszewski can explain readily enough the apparent silence. Voice after voice was silenced in exile; and when a so-called liberalism or enlightenment reached the throne, there was a welcome only for borrowed ideas. Karamzine, whose influence on literature M. Waliszewski likens to that of Catherine on Russian society, was the favoured writer of the Court but his models were the English sentimentalists. And even Krylov the "first national poet of Russia" was an imitator of La Fontaine, while Pushkin himself deliberately followed the example of Byron.

But in Krylov as in Pushkin the national temperament asserted itself; Europe supplied only the shape of the bottle in which the liquor was to be poured. So much at least we are well content to take on faith, for it is hopeless to read the Russian poets in any translation known to us. But the characteristic of all Russian literature as we know it at its best is an extraordinary consciousness of alien models and yet a potent originality of its own. In Tolstoi as in Tourguénief the Russian idea and the Russian character develop themselves, one might say, deliberately by representing their own conflict with Western ideals. Always the writers are conscious of their position midway between the cultured classes of Europe on the one side (whose language and whose thoughts are familiar to them as no foreign language or culture is familiar to the average Englishman or Frenchman) and the peasants on the other, tillers of Russian soil; and always they are asserting directly or by implication their true kinship with the peasant not with the alien. Tourguénief, living in Paris, writes endlessly of the broad plains of black earth, the waving corn crops, the slow-running rivers, the wide diffusion of sunshine; Tolstoi, describing Levine the proprietor at work to introduce among his moujiks European machinery, European skill, and European desire for advancement, shows Levine finding in the old peasants who meet him at the mowing a fulness of sympathy and a natural companionship that he seeks vainly in his own cosmopolitan class.

Russia is certainly not now the silent sister; she has tongues enough to expound her hopes, her instincts, and her qualities; but it seems to us that another critic might by concentrating his attention on a more limited field do something that M. Waliszewski has not done to bring Russian literature home to us as a whole. For the moment what strikes us is everywhere throughout it a curious uneasy self-consciousness as if the race and its writers were continually concerned to justify their ideals and even their existence before unfriendly judges. But perhaps the defects of M. Waliszewski's book are of race. He does not in the least understand the public he writes for and his illustrations of his own meaning are cosmopolitan not English. Books of this kind ought decidedly to be written by a man taken from the people to whom they are addressed.

AMONG THE BIRDS IN NORTHERN SHIRES.

"Among the Birds in Northern Shires." By Charles Dixon. London: Blackie. 1900. 7s. 6d.

WE envy men like Mr. Dixon, with whom the study of natural history is become a passion. For them the country has a perennial charm; the bleakest seasons and the most dreary days are abounding in interest and excitement. The latest of Mr. Dixon's many books on the subject professes to devote itself to the Northern Shires, but the picturesque frontispiece—*Bird-life in Hande*—shows that his remarks take a far wider range. He carries us up to the colonies of clamorous sea-birds on the Scottish coasts, and takes us down to the breezy moorland and sheltered dells of the South-West. Apropos of that striking frontispiece, we may congratulate Mr. Dixon on finding an

illustrator so spirited and intelligent as Mr. Charles Whymper. Mr. Whymper is singularly happy in indicating the idiosyncrasies of birds with a few telling strokes of the pencil. Take the pensive sandpiper; the smouldering truculence in the keen eye of the merlin; the irrepressible gaiety of the sprightly grey wagtail; or the savage misanthropy of the ill-boding raven, as he sits bunched up on the blasted crag, keeping a lively lookout for booty.

Naturally Mr. Dixon makes his moan over the desolation of once-favourite bird haunts and the destruction or extermination of interesting species. His home for many years seems to have been in the immediate neighbourhood of Sheffield, and there he has seen strange and sad changes. Prosperity and industrial development are incompatible with the preservation of the wild and beautiful in nature. Such progress is not avoidable and perhaps ought not to be regretted; indiscriminating game preservation has much more to answer for. Ignorant keepers have carte blanche to shoot and trap, and shortsighted farmers are betrayed into suicidal folly. Mr. Dixon pleads for many much-maligned birds, and seldom has counsel made out more plausible cases. Sometimes his enthusiasm may carry him too far, as in the case of the hen-harrier which nests on the grouse moors. He pronounces it harmless, and it may be guiltless of young grouse-blood, but he gives himself and his argument away when he admits that it is the most inveterate of egg-hunters. But as a rule his reasoning has irresistible force: few of the species he defends may have stainless characters, but in most instances the evil they may do is more than compensated by the good. And after all, our great landowners should rise to something more than mere pecuniary considerations. It is well worth the sacrifice of a few brace of grouse, or the trifling reduction in the rent of a sheep farm, to preserve such ornaments of the mountain as the eagles or the peregrines. We agree with Mr. Dixon that the shepherds were in the habit of setting down all missing lambs to the score of the golden eagles, but happily the extension of the deer forests is doing much towards restoring the race. The osprey like the ill-fated night-jar was the victim of an unscientific sobriquet. He was called the fishing-hawk, was persecuted, and is well-nigh exterminated. Even so good a sportsman and naturalist as Frederick St. John disgraced himself by his shameless raid on the pillar-eyries in the Sutherlandshire lochs, for the ospreys and their eggs were greatly coveted for museums. Monstrous as it is, it seems to be hardly in sporting nature to resist taking a shot at a rare specimen. There should be more sanctuaries in the British islands, whither migrants returning year after year could feel absolutely safe from disturbance. Mr. Dewar in his delightful volume on the Hampshire Highlands has shown how much has been done in marsh and meadowland by simply warning trespassers off the Hampshire trout streams, and Mr. Cornish tells a similar story as to the wild swannery on Lord Ilchester's domains. Keepers are too often ignorant or prejudiced, but shrewd farmers ought to know better. When they are scaring the rooks off the spring sowings, they forget that they would grow no crops at all were it not for the rooks' consumption of the wire-worms. They put a price on the heads of the barn owls, those insatiable mousers, which are worth, as Mr. Dixon remarks, any number of cats in their stackyards. So anglers show no mercy to the dippers or water-ousels, because they are supposed to feed on the trout spawn. Whether they occasionally tamper with the spawn or not, it is certain they clear the streams of noxious insects which would otherwise leave them troutless. The only remedy for hurtful ignorance is better education, but undoubtedly the disturbance of the balance of nature by the game preserves has sometimes done the farmers serious injury. The destruction of the hawks has multiplied the wood-pigeons prodigiously, though even these pigeons do good service in keeping down the rag-weed; and since the sparrow-hawk, in particular, has virtually disappeared in many districts, the sparrows, always prolific, have increased most mischievously.

We have perhaps done Mr. Dixon some injustice in dealing with his book rather from the utilitarian point

of view. It is the suggestion of poetry in his classification of bird-regions which strikes the keynote to the fascination of the chapters. We follow him "By Upland Streams," where the water-ousel is singing even through the chill of the winters. "On Mountain and Loch"—"On Moorland and Roughs" tell their own romantic tales of the birds that are ever on the search for solitude. In "Forest and Copse" and in "Farm and Garden," we meet with the familiar birds and songsters of our rambles. They are interspersed with charming individual sketches—of the skulking landrail; of the jackdaws who have their homes in the clefts of the Derbyshire cliffs and in the hollow trunks of the oaks in Sherwood Forest; of the moth-hunting night-jar on the flutter between dusk and dark, of the Solan geese of the Bass, and the fulmars of S. Kilda. With regard to the night-jar, a special favourite of ours, we should like to ask Mr. Dixon a question. Is it certain that as he and other naturalists assert, it never lays more than a couple of eggs? We know that once in the pine woods near Bournemouth we almost stepped into a nest, when four young night-jars, barely full-fledged, fluttered up and asunder like the bursting fragments of a shell. If they were not from the eggs of the same mother, two broods must have hatched out side by side and simultaneously.

THE HERO OF TWO NATIONS.

'Heroes of the Nations:—Charlemagne (Charles the Great), the Hero of Two Nations.' By H. W. Carless Davis. London and New York: Putnam's Sons. 1900. 5s.

THE biographer of Charlemagne has special difficulties to face. Even if he confines himself to biography of the narrowest sort, to discovering facts, defining his hero's aims, making a readable yet honest narrative, his task is anything but light; for the eighth century after Christ remains a dark age in spite of the patient work of a score of learned men. The facts once ascertained need a setting; the biographer must explain the political, social, and religious conditions of an age particularly unlike his own. If he is a wise man he takes very little knowledge for granted in his readers. Charlemagne, the great Frank who made the first comprehensive attempt to restore unity in the West after the break up of the Roman Empire and the wanderings of the German peoples, "was not a Frenchman; he was not a German." He lived before the nations of the West came into being, in an age that was neither ancient, that is classical, nor mediæval as that word is commonly understood. The narrative of his life must therefore be unusually rich in explanation; its writer must forget his own knowledge, and make no attempt to write for specialists. If, like Mr. Davis, he wishes further to "give some idea of the first Western Emperor's . . . influence upon European history," a very natural wish, and to say something of the Charlemagne of legend, as it is desirable that he should if the "heroic" side of his theme is not to be neglected,—and to do all this within the limits of three hundred odd pages, he may be thankful if he escapes the bog of dulness in which historians who try to set down as many reasonably accurate statements as possible in a given space are sometimes lost. These difficulties Mr. Davis has faced and, broadly speaking, overcome. Now and again he overloads his chapters to the injury of his narrative. Here and there he gives abstracts of learned discussions which should, as it seems to us, either have been omitted or greatly expanded. Sometimes he slips into that too allusive style which is the scholar's snare. But these defects do not occur often enough, nor in a sufficiently pronounced form, to injure seriously an excellent piece of work.

The opening chapter, which contains a sketch of European society in the eighth century, is admirably clear and restrained. "All men lived by the land. Even kings studied the economy of their demesnes as minutely as the administration of their realms. A murrain meant privation, a short harvest brought the pinch of famine, untimely frosts or droughts were noted by careful annalists in the same register with the campaigns of emperors." "The minds formed by such

a life are slow and heavy, suspicious of change, uninventive, unaspiring." "The Dark Ages mourned despondently over their own decrepitude. Their writers sighed for the vanished 'youth of the world,' when energies were fresher and the senses keener. . . . Most of all the Dark Ages loved, as the sign and symbol of vanished unity, the old Imperial capital—'Rome the golden, Rome the mistress of the world.'" It was Charlemagne's task to utilise this reverence for the old Roman world by an attempt to introduce some sort of unity into the dislocated and politically aimless world in which the men of the eighth and ninth centuries lived out their dull, uncertain lives. His own people were the Eastern Franks, whose headquarters lay in the lands immediately south-west and west of the Rhine, a German race professing Christianity and just tinged with Roman civilisation. Mr. Davis deals with the early history and institutions of the Franks in a necessarily crowded but most successful chapter. Difficult constitutional and social problems are lightly touched, and explained sufficiently for the purpose in hand without any pretence at scientific completeness. We learn all that we need of those Franks who under Charlemagne built up, and for a few years held together, an empire that reached from the Ebro to the Elbe and from the Channel to Rome and Vienna.

The ground being prepared Mr. Davis plunges into his narrative and the manifold activities of his hero—the struggle with his brother, the alliance with the Popes, the overthrow of the Lombard kings of Italy and the vassal kings of Bavaria and Aquitaine, the long, weary, and bloody crusades against the heathen Saxons of North-west Germany and the Moors of Spain. All is well, often most vigorously, told. The chapters that deal with the lawgiving of Charles, with the life of his Court, with his strenuous if not very discreet attempt at ecclesiastical reform, and his sturdy patronage of the learning of his day, are all sound and readable. When Mr. Davis comes to handle the circumstances, inner meaning, and results of the great event of Christmas Day, 800, the coronation of Charles as Emperor by Pope Leo before the high altar of S. Peter's, he has to stand comparison with those pages of Mr. Bryce of which it has been written by one fitted to speak confidently that it is a marvel "that a young Oxford student should have left so little to be said by those who come after him." The new book comes out of the test well, although its author stumbles once or twice over the obstacles of which we have spoken, whilst dealing with the break up of the dominions of Charlemagne and the later history of the mediæval Empire.

We thank Mr. Davis for a good book. We regret a rather defective index and see no reason for calling Cologne Köln; but we are grateful for excellent maps, for illustrations which are a real help to the text, and for the noble old title of "Charlemagne," which has fallen somewhat into discredit of late.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

"Social Life in the British Army." By An Officer. London: Long. 1900. 6s.

THIS is a very unpretentious and, on the whole, a fairly accurate endeavour to acquaint civilian readers with some part of the daily life of the British officer in peace-time. Such a book cannot fail to reproduce the language and views of the particular branch of the service with which the author himself has been most in contact, and this may account for the peculiarity of some of the expressions employed. Thus in the frontispiece we have a picture of "Guest Night at Mess," and on p. 56 follows a description of this same function. Here we learn that "it is *de rigueur* in every well-ordered regiment that every officer, whether married or single, present with the regiment, should dine at mess on guest nights." This is, indeed, news to us. To use the words of the author on another occasion we might truly say, "Woe betide the unfortunate youth who is unwary enough"—to talk of a *guest* night, if he belongs to any regiment with any pretensions to be considered a "crack" one. He might as well adopt the detestably vulgar jargon of the day, sanctified by the cheap press and Rudyard Kipling and talk of the men of his regiment as "Tommies"—for in either case

his "correction" would be both swift and sure! This repugnance to the expression "guest night" undoubtedly arises from the unpleasant ideas it suggests of a body of officers who usually live anyhow and eat anything they can get, and who once a week indulge in an ostentatious banquet to which they invite their "guests" with the vain hope of making them believe that such is their ordinary mode of life.

The preface contains some sensible remarks on the danger which may lie before us if, in our anxiety to reform our army system after the war, we depart from the type of young Englishman who has hitherto supplied the officer class. They who are acquainted with the present "rough material" from which our officers are evolved are well aware that even now a certain minority come from a class which is not calculated to produce the best stamp of officer—one that the men will have confidence in and will follow anywhere. The author apologises for what he fears may be considered "snobish" in saying that "the British soldier will follow a gentleman." If we have learnt anything in our past wars it is this undoubted trait in our gallant soldiers, and hence their general dislike for the "ranker" officer—one of themselves. Any system of cheapening the living in the army or increasing the pay might, and probably would, flood it with a highly ineligible class of young officer. Having got the right class of young Englishman, we must in the future see that his training is such as at least to save him from the charge of being considered "stupid." The author considers that any system of nomination could not be contemplated seriously for a moment. We ask, why? It is a system that has worked admirably in the sister service.

On the delicate subject of officers' wives who, by the way, are described as "regimental ladies"—a terrible expression calling to mind Peggy O'Dowd and Glorvina—the author speaks with amusing confidence. His endeavours to outline certain rules of etiquette as regards officers' wives in general are, to say the least, a trifle venturesome. It is here that we learn how "the married officers of the A.S.C. see that their wives are treated in precisely the same manner as the ladies of the regiment in the garrison." It would be both interesting and instructive to study this operation. The neglect which he describes as experienced by army doctors and more especially by their wives, and the reasons given for it seem hard to believe. We can only say that we have never met with instances where neglect was due to the military position of the husband.

The book contains sixteen admirable drawings by Mr. R. Caton Woodville. The only fault we find with them is that in a book dealing with the British army as a whole, about half the pictures are devoted to our household troops, whereas in only two does the British private soldier of the line—"the man who wins our battles"—figure. Mr. Woodville evidently still indulges in the belief that an eyeglass is part of the equipment of every British officer.

MORE VERSE THAT IS PERVERSE.

"Wild Eden." By G. E. Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1899. 5s.

"Christus Victor: a Student's Reverie." By H. N. Dodge. New York: Putman's. 1899. 5s.

"Lyrics of Nature." By John Bernard O'Hara. Melbourne: Melville, Mullen and Co. 1899. 3s. 6d.

"Selected Poems: Old and New." By Annie Matheson. London: Frowde. 1899. 2s. 6d.

"Rhymes Old and New." Collected by M. E. E. Wright. London: Unwin. 1900. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. WOODBERRY'S fine poetic frenzy threatens to overstep the borders of sanity. He has a partiality for roses and drags them in with wanton exuberance:

"To-day, in the rose, the rose,
For my love I have perilled my heart;
Now, ere the dying glows
From the placid isles depart,
The rose-bathed planet knows
It is hers, my rose, my heart!"

We wonder whether "in the rose" should have been "under the rose," but Mr. Woodberry cares little for sense. He talks even of "the rose of an Arctic night." All this is sad gibberish enough, but in the verses entitled "he ate the Laurel and is Mad" the laurel-madness is even more conspicuous:

"I shall go singing up ice and snow:
'Blow soon, dread angel, greatly blow,
Break up, ye gulfs, beneath, above,
Peal, time's last music—"love, love, love"!"

To "sing up" anything does not sound very nice, and it is difficult to understand why the dread angel should be invited to blow, greatly or otherwise. The word "syllabing" would also be unmusical to any but a Yankee ear, and the following line too long even for prose:

"And all the spirits rush to his heart, and the fragrant world, save her, turns dim."

What does it all mean?

Mr. Dodge's "Argument" represents a student sitting "in an old New England farmhouse in meditation. . . . Falling into a train of reflection upon the human form, he is led to think of the undeveloped powers and the future life" of a skeleton beside him. He is "overawed by the immensity of the thought. . . . The writer's treatment of his subject is but fragmentary, as indeed befits so vast a theme," we are told, "so vast that it will not suffer itself to be cramped . . . but rather, like drifting fragments of a wondrous vision, kindles the imagination with faint, disjointed glimpses of the mighty whole which may not yet be grasped in the fulness of its majesty." How a half-educated and unimaginative American will wrestle with such a theme as that may easily be imagined. He is very long, very dull and generally incoherent, so that we find ourselves in complete accord with his "epilogue":—

"Ah, why prolong
My futile song?"

The book, with true American modesty, is dedicated to the Saviour.

With Mr. O'Hara it is less easy to be annoyed, for he is quiet and modest, but he is monotonous and fails to convince us of any reason for the publication of his work. Sometimes he strikes a good note, but not often enough to warrant his assumption of an orchestra all to himself.

Miss Matheson, on the other hand, thinks no little of herself. She has written a pointless little hymn in what she admits to be "faulty and imperfect verses" and she excuses it with the plea that it has long ago ceased to be wholly her own, having passed out of her hands "into those of the children in widely-varying religious communities." She prates in a preface about "all that is most positive in a noble Positivism;" she grows garrulous over "London, my birthplace; Oswestry, my first home; Nottingham, always kind to me for my father's sake; New York, Knutsford and Manchester, that long ago helped me to my only years of comparative leisure; and Oxford, the giver of more than can be written;" and claims that her poems are "a sheaf in which the red poppies may, if offered to friends, seem to the passer-by good for little but to send him to sleep, and the ears of corn hardly worthy to be laid upon the Altar." We confess we agree with the passer-by. This is the kind of poppy:

"Obey then the Master!
The furnace is steady,
The bruised metal ready;
Strike, welding it faster.

No hurry will speed it.
Yet cease not, nor tarry:
For this chain must carry
As long as men need it."

And for ears of corn we have "A Song of Handicrafts," consisting of pointless remarks by "the mason," "the weaver" and "the carpenter." The walrus is inexplicably absent.

After such stuff it is almost with relief that we turn to fresh local versions of nursery and other rhymes. Most

of them are quite as silly as their more familiar originals, as, for instance,

"Little Mary was given a woolly-nosed lamb
And she fed it on ginger and gooseberry jam,"

but some may appeal to students of folk-lore.

NAVAL DEVELOPMENT.

"Our Fleet To-day and its Development during the Last Half-Century." By Captain S. Eardley Wilmot, R.N. London: Seeley. 1900. 5s.

WITHIN the limits of some 280 pages the author of this book gives a simple history of the amazing development of the Navy since 1840. He has refrained from entering into severe technicalities, and the large number of readers who now interest themselves in naval matters will be able easily to follow the rapid strides made in shipbuilding and the reasons which made each successive step necessary.

It was a natural consequence of our successes in the great wars with France that we should be inclined to cling to the type of ship with which we had achieved them. And so it came about that the French led the way in the new departure of iron shipbuilding by the construction of "La Gloire," while we tardily and reluctantly followed with the "Warrior." It is remarkable that, even in these very earliest examples of iron naval architecture, our authorities differed from the French in the important question as to whether the armoured belt should be partial or complete. "La Gloire" was protected from end to end, while the "Warrior" trusted to a fragmentary patch amidships for the protection of the vital parts. In the "Bellerophon" and "Hercules" classes, it is true, we adopted the principle of continuous protection; but it has since then been largely departed from, and the climax of concentration was exemplified in the "Inflexible," which was left wholly unprotected with the exception of the exaggerated citadel amidships. The advantages of protection even when in its most elementary form, are shown by the impunity with which the U.S. ship "Kearsage" was able to bear the gun fire of the notorious "Alabama" simply because she had protected her vital parts by a temporary defence constructed of spare chain cables.

From the handsome broadside ships we are carried forward to the "Devastation" and "Dreadnought" with their powerful turrets, and then to the barbette system, imitated again from those able ship-constructors, the French. The barbette system, once accepted, was rapidly adopted, and is to be seen to-day in many of our finest battleships. The advantage afforded by the barbette in its greater elevation above the water-line is unquestionable, but probably only actual experience will be able to determine whether that advantage is not dearly bought by the great exposure of the guns.

Ships intended exclusively for coast defence have found but little favour in this country, it being an accepted principle that our true defence consists in having plenty of sea-going ships large enough and fast enough to lock up the enemy in his own ports. This may be very right, but Captain Eardley Wilmot points out that in France some of the vessels described merely as coast-defence ships are quite capable of coping with our battleships.

The ram, of which so much has been expected, has hitherto played but a small part, except indeed when it has been brought into operation accidentally, as in the cases of the "Vanguard" and the "Victoria." If in actual practice the ram and the torpedo achieve all that is expected of them, it is evident that the naval warfare of the future will be much more wasteful than was that of the past. In the old days a beaten ship as a rule, even after a heavy engagement, could be repaired and added to the victor's fleet. But, whether it be the work of gun, ram or torpedo, the probability seems that in the serious naval battle of the future, the ship which is worsted will have received a mortal blow, and thus be lost to both sides alike.

Discussing the question of armour plating, Captain Eardley Wilmot seems to have arrived at the con-

clusion that we should not exceed a maximum of 12 or 14 inches, and in view of the continued improvement in the manufacture of steel, it seems probable enough that such a maximum may prove sufficient. The old story of the action between the "Shah" and the "Huascar" is cited to prove that no unprotected ship, however superior in speed, however dexterously handled, can hope to hold its own against an armoured vessel even of relatively inconsiderable fighting value.

In later chapters Captain Wilmot discusses ordnance, torpedoes and boilers, but these are all historical rather than polemical. At the end of the book are some simple tables which will do much to explain to the puzzled newspaper reader the relation between calibres, weights of guns and weights of projectiles, and there is also a classified list of the ships in the Royal Navy.

MORE ABOUT THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"The Real French Revolutionist." By Henry Jephson. London: Macmillan. 1899. 6s.

"The French Revolution." By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by A. W. Pollard. 2 vols. ("The Library of English Classics.") London: Macmillan. 1900. 7s. net.

THERE has never been any great tendency to blazon La Vendée among the Revolutionary triumphs. In that connexion the voices of the partisans of the Terror have generally been raised in excuse and we are not aware of any attempt to canonise Carrier. Mr. Jephson, however, has considered it well to enlighten English readers as to the latest results of French research into the massacres, rapes, and arson of which that unhappy district was for so long the scene; and the result is depressing. There is hardly a page out of four hundred where we do not find recorded some deed of blood. We have rarely supped so full of horrors, and the painful process produces little or no result, for the picture of that lamentable struggle remains what it was. The peasants of La Vendée who rose against the conscription in 1793 were the same with those who had plundered and burned châteaux in 1789. They had no illusions about the King, his execution moved them but little, and they did not revolt because of the persecution of the priests who refused the oath to the Constitution. Utterly inexcusable as were the atrocities perpetrated by the representatives of the Convention, the rebels of La Vendée themselves opened the ball by massacres. In the horrors which followed we have the worst types of the French Revolutionist naked and unashamed. Mr. Jephson correctly urges that the Convention was responsible for wholesale executions. He might have pointed out that it was fighting for its life. Civil war was raging in other districts besides La Vendée, several of the great cities were in revolt and the foreigner was on the soil of France. We do not believe the Convention assented to and encouraged the debaucheries and atrocities of Carrier and his associates. They wanted murder for political purposes, but some of their emissaries were rendered insane by the possession of supreme power. There were many kinds of revolutionaries, mostly very bad, but there stands out occasionally a young, heroic, and sympathetic figure, like Barnave or Marceau.

We could wish that Mr. Jephson had been gifted with less industry and more imagination. If we wanted to be convinced of the bloodshed of the Revolution, at this time of day a fourth part of these atrocities would have proved sufficient. He has almost ignored the many instances of heroism on both sides, the pathos and the thrilling details of the campaigns. A comprehensive sketch of the Vendean war founded on the latest research might have produced a book of abiding interest. Mr. Jephson has succeeded in giving us nothing save a dull catalogue of crime. Even statistics of murder pall on the jaded senses after a time. Whether this book can correctly be described as useful we very much doubt, but unquestionably it is dull, as dull as it is horrible; therein markedly differing from Carlyle's great story of the Revolution, which, we are glad to see included in Messrs. Macmillan's "Library of English Classics."

NOVELS.

"The Autobiography of a Charwoman." By Annie Wakeman. London: Macqueen. 1900. 6s.

We confess to a prejudice against books written in dialect, for it is an obstacle to easy reading. But this book is so lifelike, so pathetic, so humorous, so philosophical, so entirely charming, that even the dialect becomes acceptable. It becomes a help rather than a hindrance to an appreciation of character. The story is full of dramatic interest and points many morals in a way which the most eloquent preachers might envy. All the details are depicted so naturally that they cannot fail to be convincing. We are introduced intimately to classes, whose intimacy we rarely win in real life; we meet with a conventional code which differs from our own; but we receive many lessons in self-sacrifice, patience, courage and enthusiasm of a very high order. One of the most exquisite portraits in this work of genius is that of an Anglican priest. "She asked no questions, only talked cheerful and most grateful of 'the Father.' 'Wot,' says I, 'is 'ee a Romin Cartholic?' 'No,' she says, 'ee's a Puseyite.' It was all double Dutch to me wot that meant, but by a little sifting I learned it was just next door to Romin Cartholics, that their Reverences had no wives, and lived only for Gawd and a-doin' of 'is work. . . . I never could call 'im Father, but I wusshipped 'im from that hour. . . . A feelin' flooded over me that was love in a manner of speakin' yet it wasn't the kind of love I'd ad once afore. It was dotin' love, equal to what one gits fur a sweet'eart, yet it was different. It was love that would 'ave bore the soul upwards, yet never 'ave moved the body. . . . It was a love that made me rest in 'im and respec' meself all together like. . . . Me walk 'ome was full o' rejoice. 'Ee 'ad trusted me and give me proofs. Wen I got 'ome I couldn't tell Aunt Bayley quick enough me good news. Me openin' words was, 'Aunt, you often talk about saints. Well, I 'ave the hadvantage of you. This very evenin' I've made pussonal acquaintance of one.'" We are taken through many a valley of the shadow, but we breathe a healthy atmosphere of pluck and hope and our admiration supports the sorrow of our sympathy. Altogether this is a wonderful book and we commend it as cordially to those who crave for new sensations as to those who aspire to be numbered among the philanthropists. And we must express our surprise at the excellence of the illustrations, for the pictorial novel is usually an eyesore.

"Resurrection." By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise Maude. London: Francis Riddell Henderson. 1900. 6s.

It has been said of Tolstoy that he is a great writer until he tries to think. "Resurrection" goes far to justify the criticism. As a series of pictures of the sordid side of Russian life, the book is very powerful. But it is meant to be an elaborate philosophical defence of anarchy, and the abuses of the Russian convict system are paraded as examples of the inevitable working of all human attempts at civilised government. The administration of "justice" by the State becomes a machine for the degradation of the individual; and yet the natural impulses of the individual are shown to bring equal misery upon himself and his fellows. It is an eloquent gospel of pessimism, purporting to represent the successful struggles of a repentant man to attain moral peace. We cannot here deal with the philosophy of the book, and, judging it as a story, must lament its unworthy taunts at the genuine religious convictions of the author's less enlightened countrymen, and the mistaken "realism" which spares the reader no physical detail of the moral degradation that stamps most of the characters. The translation goes easily, and the illustrations by Pasternak are of unusual merit.

"The Wonderful Career of Ebenezer Lobb." By Allen Upward. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1900. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Upward's humour is so heavily laboured that his jokes cry aloud for labels. This book is evidently intended as a satire, but a careful perusal leaves us quite ignorant of what is meant to be satirised. The butt is

not in any sense a type but merely a confused jumble of silliness. Once or twice there are approaches at humour of that "new" variety which depends chiefly on exaggeration for its salt. Mr. Lobb's game of billiards, for instance, raises a smile and there is an element of broad farce about his adventures in a country house, to which he has obtained access by styling himself "Sir Ebenezer Lobb, K.P."—K.P. meaning Knight of the Primrose League. But the details are so improbable that our amusement soon melts into impatience. The rest of the book is at once so ponderous and so vulgar that it can inspire nothing short of tedium or disgust.

"Ashes Tell no Tales." By Mrs. A. S. Bradshaw. London: Greening. 3s. 6d.

This medley of grotesque and incongruous sensationalism can only cause a regret that Mrs. Bradshaw does not share the reticence of ashes. We are introduced to a heroine, with eyes that could assume a violet haze or shine with a peculiar greenish tinge, who "carried life or death in her pocket or from (*sic*) her chataleine;" to a girl who is described in one place as depending on anyone's judgment rather than her own and in another as of a keenly independent spirit; to a sham deaf-mute who has all the impossibility without any of the charm of Scott's Fenella. Mrs. Bradshaw's grammar is almost as faulty as her conceptions.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Claude Bernard." By Sir Michael Foster. London: Unwin. 1899. 2s. 6d.

Claude Bernard's lifework was a series of brilliant investigations into physiology, the results of which made him one of the three or four most famous physiologists of the century. Sir Michael Foster describes and explains with a luminous simplicity the long series of advances in physiology made by the subject of his memoir. Of these, two far exceed in importance all the others. The first was the discovery of the formation and importance of glycogen in the animal body. When Bernard began the investigations which led to his discovery, the nutritive processes of the animal body were understood only vaguely. It was generally believed that animals and plants stood in marked contrast, from the point of view of organic chemistry. Plants, it was known, were able to build up organic compounds such as starch and sugar from the simple inorganic constituents of the air, but it was believed that animals were purely destructive in their chemical metabolism, merely breaking down the food materials into chemically simpler bodies. Liebig, however, had shown that while animals were being fattened, more fat was deposited in their bodies than was taken in as food, the inference being that some elaborating chemical process took place in the animal body. Bernard resolved to study carefully the fate and career of three great groups of food substances in the animal body, the fats, the sugar-like or carbohydrate bodies, and the proteids. He began with sugar, partly because it appeared to be the simpler of the three problems, and therefore the most convenient to attack, partly because he was specially interested in the serious disease known as diabetes, the leading phenomenon of which was an undue production and elimination of sugar. The problems raised in his study of sugar took him so far that he did not proceed with the other problems of metabolism. He soon found that, however an animal was fed, whether or no it were supplied with sugar, the blood coming from the liver contained large quantities of sugar. The liver, in fact, was a metabolic organ, receiving substances which were not sugar and preparing from them sugar. Later on, he found that this internal secretion of the liver was in the form of a peculiar substance which he called glycogen, and that glycogen formed in the liver could be transformed by the action of a ferment into a soluble sugar and so released into the general circulation. Finally, he discovered that the liberation of sugar from the liver was under the control of a particular nerve centre in the brain and that disease of this centre with the accompanying undue release of sugar was at the root of diabetes. His second great discovery was that of the vaso-motor functions of nerves. When he began that series of investigations, there was a general consensus of opinion as to the walls of arteries being elastic but not actively muscular. One physiologist, Stilling, had indeed argued on theoretical grounds that there must be nerves with control over the blood vessels and had called such nerves vaso-motor, but had supplied no experimental proof of his thesis. Bernard set out with the intention of studying the relation of the sympathetic nerves to heat, and found, to his surprise, that artificial section of certain nerves was attended by a rise of temperature and not as he had expected by a fall of temperature. The rise of temperature was associated with a dilatation of the blood-vessels over the area under observation. This observation was the beginning of actual proof as to the influence

of nerves on blood-vessels. After a long period of work, in which many other physiologists took a part, Bernard completed the discovery by showing experimentally that arteries were under the control of two sets of nerves acting antagonistically, one set, the vaso-dilators, expanding the vessels and so allowing a greater flow of blood, the others, vaso-contractors, having the opposite effect. The completion of this discovery marked an enormous advance in knowledge of the complicated processes of the living body and although other investigators had a share in the work it was by the actual experiments of Bernard that exact demonstration of these processes was given.

"Essays on Naval Defence." By Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb. Third Edition. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1899. 6s.

Few men did more than the late Admiral Colomb to produce a true conception in the mind of the nation as to Imperial defence; efforts which we fear met with scant recognition from the country—or rather successive Governments who select the recipients of honours. These essays clearly show how we departed after the peace of 1815 from the principles established by the old wars as to the proper method of securing our shores against attack. Frequently has the scare of invasion been raised, and the danger we are supposed to have been in during the summer of 1805, when Nelson went off to the West Indies and our Channel Fleet was outside Brest. It is generally assumed that we had then nothing left in home waters to oppose the French had a fleet escorting an invading flotilla appeared on our coasts. As a matter of fact we had a considerable force of ships in the Downs, North Sea and in western ports available for such an eventuality; and we must have suffered serious defeat elsewhere to have rendered such an operation at all feasible. Even now we find the same alarm created if the Channel Fleet goes to Lisbon, and Liverpool begins to clamour for fixed defences. It is most difficult to make people understand that the Admiralty must always keep a strong squadron in home waters; not to guard towns from attack but to protect the commerce which is approaching them, and for which forts will not avail. That is why we require more ships because our commerce is the most vulnerable point. This collection of essays should remove many misconceptions.

"Wimborne Minster and Christchurch Priory." By the Rev. Thomas Perkins. London: Bell. 1899. 1s. 6d.

Side by side with the monographs on English cathedrals, which Mr. Gleeson White and Mr. Strange edit, is a series of books on our chief abbeys and priories, the latest of which is "Wimborne Minster and Christchurch Priory" by the Rev. T. Perkins. Mr. Perkins, being a Dorsetshire clergyman, naturally prefers to give Wimborne the place of honour in his little volume, and we shall not quarrel with him on that account. Among the places of worship under the rank of cathedrals, however, Christchurch Priory must always take an exceedingly important place, and in point of size it surpasses the minster of the adjoining county. Next year will see the Millenary celebration at Winchester of England's darling, as one or two of the old chroniclers called the wonderful King whom we have named Alfred the Great, and seeing that the oldest portions of Winchester Cathedral and the lovely hospital church of S. Cross are pure Norman, there should be not a little interest taken in that glorious age of architecture. This volume, dealing with Christchurch Priory in the same county, has appeared therefore at a good time.

"The Officer's Pocket-Book." By Captain W. Plomer. London: Gale and Polden. 1900. 5s.

A most useful pocket-book into which a lot of solid information has been condensed. Memory is often defective, and on occasions officers often want something small to assist them in this respect. Nothing could be better suited for the purpose than the little book now before us. It is unfortunately bound in the painful Khaki colour.

"An Outline Sketch of Psychology for Beginners." By H. M. Stanley. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1899. 2s.

It is a moot point whether psychology should be taught in secondary schools, as Mr. H. M. Stanley suggests, but there would be no doubt of its appropriateness as a class subject were the teacher as clear and suggestive as Mr. Stanley is. His book is of course a mere outline sketch, yet it is thoroughly practical and should make more than one of its readers wish to know more about what is too often voted a dry subject.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

La Peinture Allemande au XIX^e Siècle. By the Marquis de la Mazelière. Paris: Plon. 2of. 1900.

Parisians have been able to obtain an excellent idea of modern German painting from the room allotted to it in the great palace that rises proudly in the grounds of the Exhibition.

(Continued on page 126.)

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Many, indeed, have proclaimed this section to be one of the three most remarkable and interesting; after France and America, Germany, they say, should be the most applauded, and so crowds come daily to see what pictures have been produced by "ces rapins allemands." Were they to view the really beautiful book before us, national prejudice and all dreams of revenge would fade for the moment and leave them—veritable artists that they are—lost in admiration. Too high praise, indeed, cannot be bestowed upon the vast work which the Marquis de la Mazelière has undertaken so successfully. With admirable energy, he has studied the galleries of Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Magdeburg, Nuremberg, Weimar and principally Munich; the happy result is the reproduction of some hundred of the most remarkable pictures to be seen in those cities, with the utmost care and skill. A text, of course, accompanies the pictures; and, after discussing the painters of the eighteenth century in Germany, the Marquis de la Mazelière examines those of a later school. The "idealists" are reviewed, of whom Overbeck and Cornelius are held to be the most brilliant representatives. Then the author analyses the works of portrait-painters such as Lenbach; of "les peintres de mœurs" like Menzel and Liebermann; of the "religious" school with Gebhardt and Uhde at the head; and finally of those eerie symbolists Böcklin, Klinger, and Stuck. And he does all this intelligently, clearly; extremely well. Further on, the author tells us that "l'évolution picturale de l'Allemagne correspond à celle de la nation elle-même; l'art d'un peuple reflète ses crises philosophiques, sociales et politiques." Finally, he attempts to show by an ingenious comparison and appreciation of German, French, English, Dutch, and Italian painters that the Germans to-day are the strongest of all: but that is a problem we would rather leave to an accomplished critic like "D. S. M." to discuss and decide. Handsomely "got up," equipped moreover with an admirable index and a useful chronological table, the Marquis de la Mazelière's book will not fail to attract the attention and win the applause it so thoroughly deserves.

Les Finances de la France sous la Troisième République. By Léon Say. Third Volume. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7f. 50c. 1900.

The third volume of this admirable and exhaustive work covers a period of thirteen years (1883-1896); and contains, among other features, a record of M. Léon Say's doings in the Senate and Chamber during that time, as well as the reproduction of his most important speeches on financial affairs. It is unfortunately quite out of the question to give even a condensed summary of the contents of this bulky volume in a short notice. Over six hundred and fifty pages confront us; and they deal principally with the complicated financial problems that most engrossed the time and attention of M. Léon Say. The book, moreover, should be read as a sequel to its two predecessors; while we would advise those who intend to study it to wait even until the fourth and last volume appears at the end of the year. We may say, however, that Léon Say's speeches in 1884 and onwards are of even greater depth than those made during the time he was minister. He took no active part in the affairs of the State after he had lost his post in the Cabinet, and so he had time to observe and to criticise and to map out, in his comparative retirement, many a useful reform. As a result, he found that the financial condition of the country was deplorable and critical; and that expenses increased every day, and that other questions (not so important) received more attention than this one. To politicians, financiers, and political economists we imagine that these volumes will be of exceptional and extreme interest. They are published under the direct superintendence of M. André Liesse, whose valuable work at the Conservatoire National des Arts et Métiers has no doubt prompted MM. Calmann Lévy to entrust him with the important task of "arranging" M. Léon Say's speeches and papers.

Revue Britannique. 24 juillet. 5f.

The popularity of Gladstone in France was (and is) almost universal; even those who did not approve of his policy recognised and appreciated the merits that gained for him the title of the "Grand Old Man." And M. R. Privas (who studies the career of the departed Premier in the "Revue Britannique" with great care and skill) does not attempt to conceal his admiration for this "scholar," this "statesman," this "man." Sympathy, also, for the Irish has always been expressed in France. Nationalists, of course, are the first to aid any movement or cheer any speech that is directed against England's treatment of Erin; only the other day (after welcoming the Boer delegates with unnecessary uproar) they "received" other delegates from Ireland who arrived in Paris under the "presidentship" of their "charming camarade," Miss Maud Gonne, but—and we are thankful for it—M. R. Privas spares us the usual eulogies of Ireland and the invariable attacks on the policy of the English Parliament. His paper, indeed, is extremely interesting and well written; it is above all moderate and dignified, and fully deserves the place of honour allotted to it in this important review. Among other articles we may mention "La France et l'Angleterre pendant la Première

Motrié du Siècle"—which, in reality, is a capital review of the "Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow"—and an admirable paper on the interests of England in China.

Revue de Paris. 15 juillet. 2f. 50c.

M. M. A. François (who was French Consul at Long-Tchou from 1896 to 1898) received orders from M. Delcassé to "poursuivre une enquête commerciale et économique dans les provinces de Tonkin (Kouang-Toung, Kouang-Si, Kouéi-Tchéon et Yun-nan)." The expedition took almost a year to accomplish; en route, M. François wrote many a vivid letter to a great friend, and these letters are now reproduced in the "Revue de Paris" for 15 July. Since they extend over thirty pages it is impossible to give a complete idea of what they contain, but we have to say that they are invariably instructive and interesting and that, where they do not dwell too much on the squalor and filth of Chinese towns, they are also most picturesque. Another appropriate paper, "Le Sourire Japonais," by Lafcadio Hearn, is a charming bit of work; it comes as a relief after the last and highly depressing instalment of Gabriel d'Annunzio's "Le Feu."

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 juillet.

M. Étienne Lamy supplies an interesting study of the "Mémoires de Comte de la Ferronnays" which have recently appeared, and clearly demonstrates their great importance in the records of the royalist émigrés. M. de Wyzewa discusses sympathetically of Sienkiewicz's last romance. There is a graceful study of Martial from the pen of M. Gaston Boissier and M. Charnes pours forth the vials of his wrath on General André for his efforts to root out Nationalism among the members of the General Staff. It is evidently a matter of some difficulty for a soldier to please Republicans in endeavouring to serve the Republic.

For This Week's Books see page 128.

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